PATRIOT,

OR, THE

Italian Conspiracy.

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

Neque te ut miretur Turba labores. Hor.

Vincit Amor Patriæ Laudumq; immensa Cupido. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for *William Davis* at the *Black-Bull*, and *George Straban* at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Cornhill*, 1703.

Dramata Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. Mills, *Coſmo di Medici*] *Gonfalonier*, or *Podeſta* of *Florence*.

Mr. Wilks, *Julio*
Mr. Husbands, *Lorenzo.* } His Sons.

Mr. Sympſon, *Uberto* { A *Florentine* Lord of *Coſmo*'s Faction, And by him made Capt. of the People.

Mr. Kent, *Donato*, *Odo*, *Alidoſſa* } Lords of *Coſmo*'s Faction.

Captain Griffin, *Rimini* { *Florentine* Captain of the People of *Rinaldo*'s Faction.

Mr. Boiſe, *Caſtruccio*, *Valori*, *Adimari*, *Bernardo*, &c. } Lords of *Rinaldo*'s Faction.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Rogers, *Teraminta* { Daughter to *Rinaldo de Albizi* head of the Nobles Faction, and baniſh'd by *Coſmo*'s *Plebeian* Faction, privately Married to *Julio*.

Mrs. Kent, *Honoria* { Mother to *Julio* and *Lorenzo*, and *Coſmo*'s Wife.

Matrons, Guards, and Attendants.

Scene *Florence*.

THE Epistle Dedicatory TO THE QUEEN's MOST Sacred Majesty.

May it please your MAJESTY,

THere being no more Glorious, Royal, and God-like Act of Pow'r, than the Protection of the distressed, that Goodness your Sacred Majesty has in all your Actions discover'd, makes us confident, that none of them can be more agreeable, than that to your Royal Nature. Confirm'd by this Belief, the Muses now venture again into the Presence, and presume to cast themselves at your Majesty's Feet, in hopes that they, as the faithful Ministers, and Teachers of Moral Virtues, cannot miss, from the Smiles of so pious a Queen, a happy Deliverance from that weak and unjust Neglect and Contempt, the Iniquity of the Times, and that poor private Spirit (that like a Pest has infected these Nations too long) had thrown them into; for where publick Virtue is wanting, the Muses never flourish. But this glorious Dawn of a happy Unanimity in your Subjects, by the Wisdom of your Counsels at home, and the no less

glorious Successes of your Arms abroad, on the very first Accession of your Sacred Majesty to the Throne of your Ancestors, are certain Promises of our future solid Greatness, which can never have a surer Basis, than that Reward, your Majesty bestows on those, who bravely serve their Country; and that just Neglect and Punishment, you inflict on those who Basely, and Unnaturally betray its *Honour* or *Interest*. These, Madam, are the surest, and most efficacious Means of reviving that Publick Spirit, that Love of our Prince, and Country, which formerly rais'd *England* to such a Figure, and Reputation in the World. This *Publick Spirit*, Madam, the Representatives of your People in the Present Parliament, have already learnt of your Majesty, in the just Compliments they have sent to the Noble Generals, that have done your Majesty, and the Nation the late considerable Services; from whom, I doubt not but it will spread to the *Represented*, and be confirmed in the Hearts of your People, by that universal Love, all true *English-Men* justly have to your Majesty, for we Naturally imitate those, that we Love; so that, as nothing can be more pernicious to a Nation, than the Love and Imitation of a bad Prince, so nothing can be more beneficial, than the copying the Virtues of one, that is adorn'd with your Majesty's Goodness; for when Virtue, and Honour are the Mode, the Knavish, and Base must be out of Fashion; which by making all publick Trusts justly Discharged, must render your Majesty, and your People compleatly Happy; for that will be a Proof, that the Prosperity, Providence bestows, is due to your Virtues, and it is the highest Point of Happiness to be esteemed worthy the Felicity we enjoy.

From this, Madam, we draw our Hopes, that Poetry, and other Arts, and Sciences polite, and useful in common and Active Life, will flourish in your Sacred Majesty's Reign, by your taking them into your Royal Protection. And these Hopes we ground on your Majesty's *Wisdom*, and your *Goodness*: On your *Wisdom*, Madam, because the greatest, most successful, and wisest States, have always thought it highly conducive to the End of Government, to encourage those Arts and Sciences. And the greatest States-Man, of these later Ages, was of Opinion, "That there is no greater Argu-

" ment of the Happiness of a State, than the flourishing of
" Arts, and Sciences, when Learning has an equal Honour
" with Arms, as the Principal Instrument of *Virtue*. Which brings us to the Second Motive of our Hopes, *Your Majesty's* GOODNESS, that must of Necessity lead your Majesty to protect, and encourage, those Arts most, which most promote *Virtue*; among which, Madam, I may venture to place Dramatick Poetry, whose Business, and Aim is, to Reward Virtue, to Expose Vice, to regulate our Criminal Passions by Examples, always more touching, than Precept; and which is owned by the greatest Enemy of the present Stage, if under a just Regulation, the most effectual Way, the Wit of Man can invent for the Advancement of Virtue; It attaques a Man in his Gayer hours, by generous Instructions, covey'd with Pleasure; turns our Diversions from Folly, and makes them subservient to our Improvement, and by that means robs Vice of our loser Hours, when we are most unguarded against its Assaults.

But of all Dramatic Entertainments, there has scarce ever been any doubt, but that Tragedy is the most Noble, the most Useful, and the most Innocent, and by consequence the most worthy of Publick Encouragement. The Statesmen of *Athens* esteemed it of that Moment to the Good and Reformation of their People, that, to give it the greater Authority with them, they incorporated it into their Religion; believing, that whatever improved Morality, could not be displeasing to their Gods, or alien from their Rites. If that consideration touched the Heathen, certainly Morality must much more nearly affect us, whose Holy Faith teaches Morality in that Perfection, and recommends it with that Force. So that all the subservient Mediums to that Glorious End, are worthy the Care of a *Christian* Prince, among which the greatest Humane Medium is the *Stage*, justly reformed and encourag'd, answerable to the Purity of our Religion, and the Nobility of our Audience. According to that Standard I have endeavoured to form, and regulate this Tragedy, in which there is nothing *Prophane*, nothing unfit for the greatest, and the Chastest Ear, which I presume has gain'd it that Reputation among the best and noblest Judges of this Art; whose Approbation has gi-

ven me Courage enough to shelter it under your Royal Name, and lay it at your Majesty's Feet, as a Testimony of my Loyalty, and my Satisfaction, and Joy for the Glorious Successes of your Majesties auspicious Reign. Tis the most valuable Present, I had to make, and all the Tribute Fortune has allow'd me to pay, and I hope not wholly unworthy of your Majesty's Perusal at your vacant Minutes, if your Majesty have any such. The Perusal of Poetry has entertain'd the greatest Monarchs, and *Augustus* in the greatest Business, and Difficulties of forming a New Monarchy, found not only Leisure to read, but attempt the Writing a Play. And since now the Nation is assur'd from your Majesty's Wisdom, and Goodness of an End of all her Factions and Fears, in a perfect Union at Home, and a firm and lasting Glory, and Power Abroad, the Muses renew their languishing Hopes, that they too shall share the *Manna* of your gentle Reign, which that it may in length exceed all your Predecessors, receiving and imparting fresh and greater Glories (if possible) e'ery Year of its Continuance, is the Zealous Prayer, and hearty Wish of

Madam,

Your Majesties most Obedient,

and Loyal Subject.

THE PREFACE.

THE Original of this Poem being Mr. Lee's it may be expected that I should give the Reader some Reasons for my Alteration of it; since Mr. Lee is a Poet, who has obtained no small Reputation with abundance of People, and some of them not the last of Men for their Sense, and Understanding; yet sure no Body is so very fond of him to think any of his Plays, compleat, for that would be a Partiality, that common Sense wou'd never justifie: And of all his Plays Lucius Junius Brutus has the greatest Beauties, and (I was going to say) the greatest Faults. The Scene betwixt Brutus and Titus in the Fourth Act, engaged me in the Design of altering it, for I thought the Beauty and Mastery of that ought not to lie, as it were unknown to our Stage, at a time when such wretched Scenes are passed on us for the Perfection of that Art, and at the same time the Confusion and Irregularity of the rest of the Play was so great, that (had not the Play it self lain under an Interdiction) it cou'd never have entertained our own Audience so, as to have kept up their Patience till that came.

Before I make that good by shewing the Reasons of my several Alterations, I must premise the Necessity I was under of changing both the Name and the Scene. Lucius Junius Brutus was forbid after the third Days acting by my Lord Chamberlein Arlington, as an Antimonarchical Play, and wrote when the Nation was in a Ferment of Whig and Tory, as a Complement to the Former; and tho' I had taken away all Reflections on Monarchy in my first Alteration of it under the Old Name, yet the Master of the Revels wou'd not License it. This compell'd me to remove the Scene from Rome to Florence, a Common-wealth of as great Pow'r at the suppos'd time of this Action, as Rome was at the Expulsion of the Tarquins; and to substitute Cosmo di Medici in the Place of Brutus, he having also been stil'd the Father of his Country, as having delivered it from the Oppression of the Old Nobility, Men proud of their ancient Lineage, and swelling with that false Merit alone, us'd the rest of the People as their Vassals, a Slavery not less insupportable, than that of Tarquin, perhaps more, in regard of the Multitude, whose Safety, must in all sound Polities be ever allowed the Supream Law, they being the Subject and Foundation of all Government. This I thought Necessary to urge in my own Defence against those Hypercriticks that condemn my Alteration of the Persons, and the Name, without knowing that it was out of Necessity, not Choice; and to shew, that Cosmo did not less for Florence in the Expulsion of the Noble's Faction, than Brutus did for Rome in that of Tarquin, tho' the Event indeed, was different the Commonwealth established by Brutus, chang'd not into a Monarchy, till it had subdued all this part of the World, but that of Florence, was perverted into a Tyranny, by the Off-spring of their Deliverer, and has dwindled ever since, till 'tis now arrived at a Perfection (if I may use that Word) of Poverty, Impotence, and Desolation.

After this I presume, I may proceed to the particular Alterations of the Play it self, and when I have urg'd my Reasons for them, submit the Justice of my Cause to the Candor of the Readers. First, The Old Play, has plainly two distinct Actions, One end-

ing

ing with the Death of Lucretia, *the Other with the Confirmation of the Liberty of* Rome, *by the Death of the Sons of* Brutus, *and the other Conspirators.* Next ev'n *that excrescent Action of* Lucretia, *destroys her known Character of* Modesty, *where he makes her in the* Forum, *among a number of Men give a very particular, and injurious Description of her Rape, to the very looks of the Ravisher, and the most infamous of his Actions.* Again, *The Appearance of* Brutus *(the Hero of the Play) at first as a Baudy Buffoon gave none of the most agreeable Impressions of his Character, and the first Impressions are the deepest and most lasting; And what makes a Hero ridiculous, lessens him, and by Consequence takes from our Value for him; and that which in a Pathetique Narration, wou'd appear the highest Sufferings, as the forc'd Disguise of Folly for a Wise Man, in the Representation affects us with Laughter, and so obscures the Hero in the Buffoon, that we cannot lose the ridiculous Image in the most solemn of his After-Actions; whence 'tis apparent, that his beginning* ab Ovo, *and throwing in an Action neither Necessary, nor beautiful, was an Error in the Fundamentals, since it made his Conduct monstrously absurd. Nor was his Introducing the Mob less so, because so Scoundrel a Representation, of the Refuse of a senseless People, is not only below the Dignity of Tragedy, but directly contrary to his Aim in the Play, of giving a great Idea of the* Roman People, *whereas from his Mob we have no Reason to think they deserved to be rescu'd from the Tyranny of* Tarquin; *nor are they at all necessary to carry on the Action, or agreeable to any but the very upper Gallery, which to gratify, at the Expence of Judgment, Reason, nay of Common Sense, is a Condescention too mean, and too infamous for a Tragic Poet. I know the Patrons of this Liberty will quote* Shakespear *for it; but they should reflect, that there is no Man so absurd, and blind, an Admirer of that great Poet, as not to know, and own that among his great Beauties, he has very considerable Faults; and it is but a poor Defence, to shelter our Errors under the Failings of Great Men, or to imitate their Defects, when we can't arrive at their Perfections, for no Name sufficient to justifie an Absurdity. But if they wou'd study Nature, as much as* Shakespear *did, their Errors would be less visible, and more supportable. But there is nothing more familiar with the ignorant Destroyers of the Rules, than to instance* Shakespear's *pleasing without them, never remembring, or else not knowing, that* Shakespear *never pleases, but when he has observed them, as in his Characters, Passions, &c. the Rules being only Nature Methodiz'd, for sure no body (I mean of Sense) ever admir'd his Conduct; the Rules of which not being known in his Time, is his best Plea for his Offences against them.*

There remained yet a considerable Fault in the Original, that even our Stage wou'd not have born, which was the strange, long, and tedious Orations of Brutus *to the Senate, and the People, in nothing Conducive to the End, nor in themselves entertaining. For certainly, No Man, could be so ignorant of Rhetorick, or so great a Stranger to all manner of Oratory, as to imagine such a* Rhapsodie *of Words, such wild incoherent Thoughts, a Diction so tumultuous, worthy the Mouth of a Great, or a Wise Man; by which one wou'd believe, that* Brutus *had his primitive Starts of Madness to the very end of the Play, as his concluding Prayer of the fifth Act may demonstrate.*

Let Heav'n and Earth for ever keep their Bound,
The Stars unshaken go their constant Round,
In harmless Labour be our Steel employ'd,
And endless Peace thro all the World enjoy'd;
Let every Bank the Waves in Safety Plough,
No angry Tempest curl the Ocean's Brow;
No darted Flames from Heav'n make Mortals fear,
Nor Thunder fright the weeping Passenger.
Let not poor Swains for Storms at Harvest mourn
But smile to see their hoarded Blades of Corn.
No dreadful Comets threaten from the Skies;
Nor Venom fall, nor poisonous Vapours rise.

This

The PREFACE.

This was the Poet's to be worthy ROME, and worthy JOVE. *The first two Line indeed, seem as if* Brutus *had no mind to ask the Gods any unreasonable Boon, for they only desire them to let all things be as they are, ever were, and ever will be as long as the World stands. The next two are directly contrary to the* Roman *Spirit in general, and of* Brutus *in particular, which was* War, Glory, *and the extending the Pow'r of* Rome, *then in a very narrow Compass; on which Principle their City was built by* Romulus, *and their Laws and Religion contriv'd by* Numa; *but the Lines are too childish to bear a serious Criticism; as abundance of these are which the* Godlike Brutus *speaks, for he seldom declaims like any mortal Man.*

These are most of the Things I have left out, and some of my Reasons for so doing. The Rest of the Conduct I hope I have mended, by putting them in their Natural Order, where the following Scene cannot precede the former without Absurdity as they do in the Original, the first Scene of which may be as reasonably in the Middle, or latter end of the Act; or the Beginning of the Next. There were besides, two Scenes betwixt the Father and the Son about his Wife too much the same, which I reduc'd to one: In the latter of which, Mr. Lee *Consider'd not enough the Nature of Love, and a Love so Violent, as he had shewn that of* Titus, *and* Teraminta; *for he quits her with too much Ease, and with too much facility owns his Infidelity to her; and she (Mistress of the greatest Tranquility, or rather Indifferences under all the Violence of a tender Passion) as easily, nay with less Reluctance not only yields to, but advances the separations, which rob'd her of all she lov'd and valu'd.* Titus *and* Teraminta *were too young, love too much to part with so little Concern. He had too great a Love for her, to tell her without any previous Caution a thing, he must believe wou'd shock her in the highest Degree, nor any refin'd Notions of Honour so opposite to her predominant Passion make her willing to part with the Man beloved, without the utmost Regret and the last struggle and Agony imaginable, which nothing but the Excess of that very Passion for the Preservation of him, she lov'd (whom she saw under a Necessity of parishing before her) cou'd prevail with her to bear! which I have endeavour'd to correct in the following Poem, by making* Julio *not only evanse to a Compliance with his Father's desire, but to yield to it, on no other Terms or Considerations, but to preserve her from indignities less supportable, than her Temporary Loss. And when he comes to declare, even what he had done to* Teraminta, *afraid, to oppress her with a sudden discovery, he makes it with the utmost confidence and Pain; with all the precaution and difficulty in Nature; and so by degrees lets fall the fatal Secret. In short, I have Reason to hope that I have trat'd the Nature of the Passion more justly, than my Original in that Place.*

To run through e'ry particular of my Alterations would be too tedious, and perhaps invidious. I shall therefore leave them to the Candor of the Readers, that have a Mind to compare them; And they will find, that wherever I cou'd enforce, or heighten the Passions I have thrown in, or alter'd Words, and Lines, the best Scenes not excepted. I have e'ry where cut out many extravagant Thoughts, and Expressions, I wish I had rooted 'em all entirely out; but I confess I left some in the Albion in Complement to the Town, which has generally declar'd it self for Rant *and* Fustian, *against* Nature. *I can't omit remarquing on that moving* Simile, *at the End of the Second Act; which I retain'd extreamly against my Judgment; for tho it would be very pathetique in the Poets Mouth, yet it is by no means Natural in* Julio's, *whose Mind is in too great a Distraction to have his Thoughts so much at Command to make a* Simile; *'tis not in Nature; but I know it wou'd please the corrupt Judgment of our Audience, as it did, and for that Reason I retain'd it. And indeed a Man, that takes Pains, to draw Nature and write a just Tragedy, is a meer Prodigal of his Time, since he might in five days, without the expence of Spirit Scribble such Tragedies, as will pass for Good.*

Of those few Objections I have been able to meet with, that of the greatest moment is that Julio *appears too perfect and Virtuous to merit the Punishment he meets with; but I am apt to believe that the Gentlemen that Object this have not throughly consider'd the Play, or have suffer'd the Pity, they find themselves affected with, to run away with their Judgment, or that they have very little knowledge in the Art of the Stage. The* Theatre *is not a Scaffold for the Execution of Scandalous Criminals, fit only for* Tiburn. *'Tis not the Business of the Stage*

according

according to Ariſtotle *and* Reaſon *to puniſh profligate Offences, for the Puniſhment of thoſe has nothing in it productive of Terror, or Compaſſion; ſo that the Modern Villains in our Plays, are meer Intruders into the* Drama, *and unpardonable in the Poet. The Stage goes beyond the Common Courſe of Political Juſtice, for it puniſhes thoſe Crimes the Law does not reach, the involuntary Effects of our Paſſions, that is, thoſe Actions we ſhould not commit but by the Prevalence of our Paſſions, which therefore in ſome Meaſure may be term'd involuntary.*

Iræ Thyeſten exitio gravi ſtavere.

'Twas Anger *plung'd* Thyeſtes *into all his inexpreſſible Miſeries: thus the* Raſhneſs *and* Curioſity *of* Oedipus *drew all his Misfortunes on him, for his Parricide, and Inceſt are not ſo properly his Guilt, as his Puniſhment:* Sophocles *draws him a good, and perfect Prince, a true Father of his People, and entirely concern'd for their Miſeries; but he gives him a* Raſhneſs, *and* obſtinate *Curioſity which produce all his Sufferings. Thus tho I have drawn* Julio *free from all profligate and voluntary Crimes (that is, Crimes of Election, which we often ſee on our Stage) yet I have given him a prevailing Paſſion which is the Occaſion of all his Miſery, and Puniſhment,* viz. *a violent Love of* Teraminta; *this makes him marry the Daughter of his Fathers greateſt Enemy contrary to his paternal admonitions (as is expreſſed in the Second Act) and without his knowledge; this drew him into a Conſpiracy againſt his Father and the then Good of his Country. In which and in all other parts, he paid that Obedience to his Paſſion, he ſhould naturally have done to his Father, which produces his Miſery and Puniſhment, and thus with the* Anger *and* vengeful Temper *of* Thyeſtes, *the* Raſhneſs, *and* Curioſity *of* Oedipus *teaches us, that while Reaſon guides our Paſſion we are happy, but when we give the Reins into the hands of blind Paſſion all is Confuſion, and Miſery. 'Tis true, he repents of his entring into the Conſpiracy, but it is after he had enter'd into it; and Repentance is no Attonement on the Stage. It may be urged, that the Motives of his Error were ſo ſtrong, that they would have prevail'd over moſt of us, that is what I wou'd always aim at, for that is what raiſes the ſtrongeſt Compaſſion, when we ſee Miſeries, the Effect of what we are not aſhamed to confeſs we all, might by the force of Paſſion be made guilty of; and this has raiſed the moſt ridiculous Objection, tho at the ſame time the moſt agreeable to me in the World, which is, that it moves too much, as if Tragedy could be defective in attaining the Perfection of its Aim,* Terror *and* Compaſſion. *But they ſhould excuſe a Fault, that is not very common, for moſt like Mr.* Bays, *at their Tragedies make us laugh.*

I think my ſelf oblig'd to anſwer the Objections of an Ingenuous Gentleman of my Acquaintance, which is, that the Tye of Man and Wife, being ſuperior to that of Father and Son; Julio *had no Excuſe for quitting his Wife to obey his Father. But then we muſt conſider, that it was not in a meer Obedience to his Father, but to Heaven, to the ſupream Magiſtrate, to the Publick Good, to which all private Bonds muſt yield. That reaſonable Maxim perhaps of ſacrificing all private Affairs to the Publick, may ſound Chimerical in a Country rent into Factions, nurſt up by a prevailing private Spirit and Intereſt; yet I hope there is yet a generous Remnant in this Nation, who may think it Juſt and Noble.*

All other Objections I ſhall bury in the Satisfaction of my general ſucceſs, and which is yet more agreeable to me of having by the help of Mr. Lee's *Original, pleas'd the Men of the beſt Senſe, and Judgment in* England, *without which all, the Applauſe the Town throws away on Poetaſters, wou'd be extreamly mortifying.*

I ſhall only add, that I am aſſured by all that ſaw the Performance, that the Repreſentation was extremely juſt in all the chief Parts.

THE

THE PATRIOT;

OR,

The Italian Conſpiracy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene the Piazza before or near the Palace.

The Curtain riſes and diſcovers Caſtrucio, Rimini, Lorenzo, Valori, Adimari, *and* Bernardo.

Caſtr. [*Aſide to* Valori *pointing to* Lorenzo *and* Rimini, *talking to each other.*]

I Like not yon *Lorenzo*, *Coſmo*'s Son,
So great, ſo intimate with *Rimini*——
He is a Spy ſet on us by his Father!
I hate the Name of *Medici*, the Peoples Idol,
And Bane of All the Noble men of *Florence*.

Valo. Fear not *Lorenzo*, he is firmly Ours,
Bound to our Cauſe, as faſt, as Love can bind him.
Bianca, *Rimini*'s fair Daughter makes him ours;
Beſides his Father *Coſmo di Medici*
Still curbs his haughty, and his fiery Temper.

Caſt. Enough——And yet we ſhou'd be cautious——
For Friends, *Valori*, that wild Paſſion gives us,
Are Friends but while that laſts.
Val. No more——ſee now they joyn us.
Loren. No may my Sword ne'r do me Right, my Friend,
But hated Cowardice ſtill blaſt my Name,
If ever I ſubmit to this Mob-Government,
Tho' my own Father ſtoops to be its Head.
The generous Spirits of the *Medici*
Throng to my Heart, and bid me guard their Glory;
Reſcue the ancient Honours of their Race
From the degenerate Meaneſs of my Father.
Rim. O! My *Lorenzo*! I will be thy Father——
Let but this dreadful Shock of State be paſt,
And my *Bianca* ſhall return to *Florence*,
And bleſs thy Arms, and make thee firm my Son.
But while our Country groans beneath this Load,——
Th' enormous Load of popular Confuſion.
Can any noble Soul indulge a Joy?
Or think of Pleaſure midſt our City's Pangs?
Lor. O my dear *Rimini*!
Tho' thy fair Daughter's Life to my fond Soul
And every Beauty promiſe Worlds of Joy,
Yet my great Mind, m' ambitious Mind now thirſts
With ſo much Eagerneſs for what it aims at,
Immortal Honour in my Country's Reſcue,
That ev'n my Love, with all its fierce Deſires
Are ſtill as Death, nor burn its pleaſing Fires!
And Natures Voice tho' in a Father's Name
Dies e're it reach my Soul thus fixt on endleſs Fame.
Rim. Come to my Arms, O thou ſo truly brave,
Thou may'ſt redeem the Errours of thy Race.
Caſtrucio, and *Valori*, *Adimari*, haſte,
And thou *Bernardo* claſp him to your Boſom,
And bleſs thoſe Pow'rs, that yet look kindly on us,
In giving *Florence*, in this Dearth of Virtue,
A Son like him.
Loren. No, no, my *Rimini*,
Lorenzo is impatient of Delay.

Yon Palace there, the ancient Seat of Juſtice;
The awful Throne of the illuſtrious Nobles,
Is now become the Receptacle of Knaves;
The Den of the impure, and raſcally Rout;
Or thoſe deputed by 'em, miſcall'd Magiſtrates.
As yet you hold a ſhare in Pow'r, delay not
To ſnatch poor *Florence* from this Infamy,
Leaſt ſhe too ſoon be raviſh'd from your Hands.
You do not well Obſerve my cunning Father,
How he ſtill ſtrives to wean the Rable from you,
By preaching to 'em you're *Rinaldo*'s Couſin;
Grown up, and fixt ſtill in the Nobles Faction.
Where are the Honours paid your awful place?
Why are not you Saluted like proud *Coſmo*?
What are you but the Ape, the mimic God
To this new Thunderer, who appropriates
Thoſe Bolts of Pow'r, that ought to be devided.

Rim. 'Tis juſt he ſhou'd, and I deſerve it all!
That prompted by my Paſſion cou'd forget
My Duty to *Rinaldo*, and my Country,
And to a private Paſſion give up both.
By me the Senate, and *Podeſta* form'd
Out of his Friends, ſoon call'd from hateful Exile
The fatal *Coſmo*, and gave him once again
To Lord it o're us.——
Arm'd thus by me he drove *Rinaldo* hence,
The Nobles Chief and Safeguard of our State.
Me! therefore me! firſt ſtrike——for I betray'd
You and my ſelf, with all the Rights of *Florence*.

Caſt. My Lord, to err is humane
The Wiſeſt often err, o're-born by Paſſion.
It is enough you do not perſevere;
But ſeek, e're 'tis too late, to reſcue us
From your Miſtake.

Lor. But that requires much ſpeed
My Father *Coſmo*, ſeeks to make *Uberto*
Captain of the People in your Place;
For he, like him, can fawn upon the Multitude.
Now, by my Soul, I hate their awker'd Pride,

That ſcorns the Rule of Nobles, and yet ſtoops
Moſt abjectly to court the bruiſh Vulgar!
O *Rimini*! have you no Eyes to find them?
Rim. What means *Lorenzo*?
Lor. To rouſe you. Conſider
Why Providence has rais'd you to this Pow'r
And kept it ſtill, by Wonder in your Hands.
Not to ſet off his upſtart Honours,
Where you are plac'd but like a winking Taper
In the Suns Eye, whoſe faint, and ſickly Beams
Are ſwallow'd in the Blaze of his full Glory.
He, like a Meteor, rolls through the Abyſs
Conſpicuous in his Orb of fatal Light,
While your pale Luſtre adds but to the Beard
That awes degenerate *Florence*.
Rim. Why doſt thou place my Infamy before me?
Lor. When *Coſmo* late in Tryumph paſt thro' *Florence*
Fixt on his Courſer, mark'd you how he bow'd?
On this, on that ſide to the Gazing Heads,
That pav'd the Streets, and all inboſs'd the Windows,
That gap'd with eagerneſs to ſpeak, but cou'd not?
So faſt their Spirits flow'd to Admiration,
And that to Joy; which thus at laſt broke forth——
Coſmo! hail! *Coſmo*! Father of thy Country
Hail Guardian! hail Deliverer of *Florence*!
All hail! they cry'd, while the long Peal of Praiſes
Tormented with a Thouſand ecchoing Shouts
The Ambient Air.
Rim. No more on't, I'm ſick of the Remembrance,
Lor. But when you follow'd, how their bellying Bodies,
That ventur'd from the Caſements more, than half
To look at *Coſmo*, nay that ſtuck like Snails
Upon the Walls, and from the Houſes Tops
Hung down like cluſtring Bees upon each other,
How did they all draw back at ſight of you?
To laze, and loll, and yawn, and reſt from Rapture!
Are you a Man? Inrich'd with the beſt Blood
Of *Florence*? us'd too ſo long to Greatneſs,
And ſuffer this?

Rim.

Rim. Be ſure I will not.——But whither driv'ſt thou?
Lor. I wou'd to Juſtice: to the Reſtoration
Of all the baniſh'd Noble-men. Yes *Rimini*
I look upon my Father as a Traytor,
No more my Father now, by all my hopes.
And to redeem his Crime, I'll on as far,
As him, that laughs at Dying.
Rim. O Soul! and Spirit of the ancient *Medici!*
Oh! once more to my Boſome let me claſp thee!
Yes, yes thou ſhalt have Work, thy active Mind
Shall ſoon have bright Employment.
So rich a Virtue ſhall not ruſt in Idleneſs,
Oh! that thy Brother had a Soul like thine?
Lor. Oh! lucky be the Omen! for this Morning
My Brother *Julio* Marry'd *Teraminta.*
Rim. Baniſh'd *Rinaldo*'s Daughter?
Lor. The ſame.
Rim. Impoſſible.
Lor. Moſt true.
Rim. That muſt enrage his Father,
Who hates *Rinaldo*, and his noble Houſe.
Lor. And more, than once he has forbid his Love.
Rim. This may indeed engage him in our Cauſe.
His Father's Rival in the peoples Hearts.

Enter Coſmo, Uberto *Senators and Attendants.*

But ſee *Coſmo* appears——
Stand we aſide, and let the Pageant paſs.
Coſ. *ſpeaks entering to* Uberto. No my *Uberto*, till thou'rt fixt my Mate
Joint Maſter in this great Authority,
Florence can ne'r be ſafe, or quiet.
While *Rimini* ſits at the Helm
A univerſal Wreck is to be fear'd.
His falſe deſigns are not unknown to me.
Uber. I have my ſelf imploy'd an active Slave,
His name is *Lando*, giv'n him Wealth, and Freedom
To watch the motions of *Caſtrucio*
Of *Adimari*, and young *Valori*,

With

With all the Riotous, boſome Friends of *Rimini*,
Caſtrucio has already Entertain'd him,
And ſomething thence Important may be gather'd,
For theſe of all the Youth of Quality
Are moſt enclin'd to the falſe Nobles Faction.

Coſm. That care was worthy my *Uberto*, [*looking about.*
—Ha——See, *Uberto*, ſee! How here in Public;
And in the Face of day; the Eye of *Florence*,
The abject Captain mingles with thoſe Boys!——
Now by my Countries Genius, that warms my Boſom,
And fires my Heart with more, than common Virtue,
I cannot bear the ſhocking ſight, approbrious
To the name of Magiſtrate— [*goes up to him.*
Vile *Rimini*, for Captain of the People,
Surrounded with this Herd, I bluſh to call thee,
This Herd of hot-brain'd, giddy, headlong Youth!
How long wilt thou forget thy awful Poſt?
The truſt confided to thee by the People?

Rim. What mean'ſt thou *Coſmo*?

Coſ. What mean'ſt thou *Rimini*?
To lay aſide thy bright deputed Majeſty,
And when thou ſhould'ſt with an unweary'd Zeal
Thro' wakeful Nights, and thro' laborious Days,
Be watchful o're the Liberty of *Florence*,
To court, to hugg thoſe Youths, ſhe ought to dread?
Are theſe the Reverend Fathers you conſult with
About the State of War, the Cities ſafe-gard?
Well may the people with united Votes
Accuſe thee to the Senate.

Rim. Accuſe me to the Senate?

Coſ Accuſe thee? Yes——and all with one Accord
Demand thy ſuddain Baniſhment.

Rim. O! baſe ingrateful! *Coſmo*! I find thee here;
Thy ſubtle arts appear in this too plain!
Yet I deſerve it, for recalling thee!
For baniſhing my Friend the Brave *Rinaldo*
For ſince I gave thee Pow'r 'twas I that did it.——
Yet——If this popular Goverment do's pleaſe thee
If *Florence*, ought enjoys by this ſad Change

To me she owes it. And are these her Thanks?
Are these the just Returns she makes for Benefits?
——And thou ingratefully are grown my Foe,
Striving to crush the Man that made thee great!
Cos. Thy Passion not thy Virtue made thee ours,
'Twas thy Revenge; and not the Love of *Florence*
That made thee act at first, as still thou ought'st;
But finding, by my Vigilance prevented,
Thou could'st not on *Rinaldo*'s Ruin mount,
To Tyrannies, thy blind Ambition aim'd at,
Thy native Vice took Place, and thou look'st back,
With a desiring Eye one those curs'd Days,
When all but Virtue had a public License.
Unable to be great, thou would'st be Wicked.
For had the Love of *Florence*, and of Virtue,
Inspir'd thy Soul to do, what thou didst do,
Thou still had'st persever'd. But now thou'rt grown
The head of Factions, and of Malecontents.
Rim. Dawb not thy private Ends, with public Good,
Ambitious *Cosmo*; thou would'st rule alone,
And tho thou rail'st at brave *Rinaldo*'s Pow'r,
'Tis but to rise up to *Rinaldo*'s Pow'r.
Thou would'st but change the Man, and not the Tyrant.
Uber. This shews thy Rancour *Rimini.*
Rim. I shows I dare speak Truth,—— Which you his Flaterer dare not.
Cos. I laugh at thy poor Malice——
When I am so, or once in thought Conspire
The Bondage of my Countrymen, strike, strike me
Y'avenging Pow'rs, tear me O *Florence!* Piecemeal,
And let your *Cosmo* be more loath'd than he is.
Uber. This needed not, the People know thy Virtue.
Rim. His Gods the People know indeed their *Cosmo.*
Castr. My Lord pray check your Passion, or you're ruin'd.
What here in Public, mid the giddy Rout?
Now by our Cause 'tis Madness to contend
Retire in time, and watch a Lukyer hour
To curb his Pride.

Rim.

Rim. His Insolence I cou'd not bear——
Well *Cosmo*, if the people, as you say,
Accuse me, I shall attend the Senate
And doubt not but my Innocence will clear me. [*Going.*
Cos. Hold—And e're you go, here listen to your Sentence!
By me the Senate banish thee from *Florence*,
If here thou'rt found to Morrow, thou shalt Dye.
And to *Uberto* they have given thy Office.
Rim. I go——with Joy from out the *Tuscan* State,
Pleas'd, since I cou'd not save my falling Country,
I shall but hear, and not behold its Ruin:
But as for thee, her Evil Genius, soon,
Soon may'st thou find her Veering Temper,
And sink beneath her Frown, whose Smiles betray
Thy little Soul to a vain Pride of Empire.
Here ev'n in her Bosom, let her crush thee,
As she will surely do, if still she's *Florence*.
[*Exit with* Valori, Lorenzo *salutes him.*

Cos. Ha that Boy! observ'st thou my *Uberto*?
Fawn'd he not on that Rebel, as he went?
I fear he is a Weed——
Tho' sprung from me; tho' grafted in my stock,
But if he prove so; by Heav'n no more but this——
Away with him.——
I'll tear him up, tho' rooted in my Heart.——
Lorenzo.
Lor. My Lord.
Cos. I say no more of young *Valori*
I warn'd you too of *Adimari*.
Are my words wind, that thus you let 'em pass?
Hast thou forgot thy Father?
Lor. No my Lord.
Cos. Thou ly'st——but tho' thou scorn the Father's Rod,
The Ax may reach thee——think on that! I——
As if Imperial Toyl were not enough
To break my heart, thou add'st thy Disobedience.
But by the Pow'rs, that guard this State, I Swear
If after double Warning, thou despise me,

I'll

I'll caſt thee from my Blood, nay I'll leave thee
Like the moſt vile offender to the Law.

[*Exeunt* Coſmo *and his Train.*

Lor. Now by thoſe Pow'rs, with which he menac'd me,
I here put off all Nature, ſince he turns me
Thus deſperate to the World, I do renounce him,
And when we meet again, he is my Foe.
All Blood, all Reverence, all duty be forgot!
Yes from this hour, I all thoſe Tyes diſown,
Like *Jove* this ſullen *Saturn* I'll diſthrone; (down.
And from this Pride of Pow'r, will hurle him headlong

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Julio's *Apartment.*

Enter Julio, *and* Teraminta.

O! *Teraminta!* why thus ſtill in Tears?
What?——Now the Prieſt has joyn'd us? oh! my Love!
'Tis ominous——or elſe thou do'ſt not love me.
Ter. Not love my *Julio?*
O! all ye juſter Pow'rs! that know my thoughts!
If my ſad Soul has taſted any Joy,
A hope of Pleaſure, but what *Julio* gave me,
Add, add to what I bear, and break my heart,
Ev'n here before him; on our Wedding Day.
~~*Jul.* If mine thou wou'ſt not break——Oh! *Teraminta!*~~
Once more I do conjure thee——give the Grave
Thy ſadneſs——Let me preſs thee in my Arms——
And lull thy froward Sorrows on my Boſome——
——Ha!——Why that Sigh again——theſe ſwelling Tears,
That in round drops ſtand ready in thy Eyes?
Ter. Oh! *Julio!*---pardon me my Fears, forgive my Sorrows--
Rinaldo is my Father——and I muſt grieve!
His ſuddain Ruin!——But ah!——perhaps that Grief
Too ſoon I might forget in *Julio*'s Arms.
Jul. What farther can diſturb thee?
Unload thy Cares into my faithful Breaſt,
That if I can't relieve 'em, I may ſhare 'em.
Now by my hopes, my Love, you wrong your *Julio*
While you deny your ſecret Sorrows to him.
Ter. Oh! pardon me, my Lord, and I will ſpeak.

——You

——— You know your Father *Cosmo* hates *Rinaldo*,
Whom he so lately has expell'd from *Florence*.
You know his hate spreads round to all his Race,
That when by Rumour told how thou didst love me,
He check'd thy Love, and charg'd thee to renounce me.
Jul. 'Twas in a Gust of Passion!
Transported with his Zeal against thy Father;
He had forgot thy Virtues.
Ter. But oh! *Julio!*
Shou'd he again insist upon that Point
With all his obstinate severity;
What must I fear from his Authority
Over a Son so pious, as my *Julio?*
Jul. He knows, this day we're Marry'd, and no more
Therefore will think of parting us
Ter. Ah! shou'd You *Julio*, with my Fondness sated,
E're yield to throw me off, or in the least
Disclose a Coldness to your *Teraminta*,
By all my Fears you surely break my heart!
Jul. Banish those groundless Fears, nor think
While I have Life I e're can love you less.
Ter. Swear then your Love shall last like mine for ever.
Jul More, than thou canst desire, I swear to Do!———
Ter. Yet do not Swear, it is the common cheat
Of faithless Men, that know no other Tye——
Thy Love, and Honour are the surest Bands;
For Oaths are weaker, than an Infants Tear
When that is broke———
But I will take so strong a hold with Love,
With Tenderness, Obedience, and with Truth
Thou shall not have the Power to be false.
Jul. Oh! ye just Heav'ns what can you promise me,
In vast exchange for this one matchless Woman.

Enter Cosmo.

Ter. But see——thy Father——I'll not grieve his Eye,
Till by my Duty I've destroy'd his Hate.
I go——yet 'tis with Pain I leave you with him.
Jul. 'Twill not be long——as soon as he is gone
I'll call thee to my Arms.

[*Sees her to the door, and returns to his Father.*

Cos. *Julio*! my Son!
Jul. My ever honour'd Lord!
Cos. I think, my *Julio*,
Nay, by my Soul, I dare protest it to thee,
I love thee more, than all my other Children.
Jul. How, Sir, oh! how my Lord, have I deserv'd it?
Cos. Therefore I love thee more, because, my Son,
Thou hast deserv'd it. For, to speak sincerely,
There's such a Sweetness still in all thy Manners,
An Air so open, and a Brow so clear,
With such a manly Plainness in thy Dealing,
That not to love thee, O my Son! my *Julio*!
Were to be envious of so great a Virtue.
Jul. Oh! all ye Pow'rs! where will this Kindness end?
Why do you thus, oh! my most honour'd Lord,
Dissolve at once the Being, that you gave me?
Unless you mean to Screw me to Performance,
Beyond the reach of Man?
Cos. Yes, *Julio*, thou conceiv'st thy Father right,
I find our Genij know each other Well.
Then to the Shocking Purpose——Once again——
I say, I Swear I Love thee, O my Son!
I like thy Frame, the Fingers of high Heav'n,
I see have left their Mastery upon thee;
Yet something they have left for me to finish,

Which

Which thus I preſs thee too, thus, in my Arms,
I faſhion thee, I mould thee to my Heart——
What doſt thou kneel? nay then ſtand up a MAN,
Shake from thy Lids the Dew, that hangs upon them,
And anſwer to th' Auſterity of my Virtue.

Jul. If I muſt die, my Lord, I am prepar'd,
Let then my Fate ſuffice, but do not rack me,
With ſomething more than Death.

Coſ. *Julio*, as I remember, you told me you were Marry'd!

Jul. My Lord, I did.

Coſ. To *Teraminta*, proud *Rinaldo*'s Daughter.

Jul. Moſt true, my Lord, to that poor virtuous Maid,
Your *Julio*, your moſt unhappy Son
Is joyn'd for ever.

Coſ. No, not for ever——
Not but I know the Virgin beautiful,
Yet more, my Son,
I think her chaſtly good, moſt ſweetly fram'd,
Without the ſmalleſt Tincture of her Father;
Yet *Julio*——ha!——what Man?——what all in Tears?
Art thou ſo Soft, that only ſaying——Yet——
Has daſh'd thee thus?——nay then I'll plunge thee down,
Down to the Bottom of this fooliſh ſtream,
Whoſe Brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my Son,
If thou art mine, thou art not *Teraminta*'s.
Or if thou art, I ſwear thou muſt not be,
Thou ſhalt not be hereafter.

Jul. Oh! Heav'n!
Forgive me Blood, and Duty; all Reſpects
Due to a Father's Name, not *Teraminta*'s?

Coſ. No, I ſwear not *Teraminta*'s.
No *Julio*, by th' eternal Fates, that hang,
I hope propitious, o're the head of *Florence*.
I'll graple with thee on this very Spot,
I'll ſtrugle with thee for this Point of Honour,
And tugg with *Teraminta* for thy Heart;
As I have done for *Florence*——Yes, e're we part
Fixt, as you are, by Wedlock joyn'd, and faſt,

I'll

I'll ſet you far aſunder:
I'll make thee Swear on this thy Wedding Day,
Thou'lt ſend forth *Teraminta* to her Father.
Jul. Am I a Man! am I not Fleſh, and Blood?
Coſ. I know thou art too much of Fleſh, and Blood,
'Tis thoſe I fear, thy Spirit's truly great;
Therefore I ſtill am obſtinate in this,
Thou ſhalt renounce thy Father, or thy Love.
Either reſolve to part with *Teraminta*,
Or ſhake hands with me——part——and be Accurſt.
Make me believe thy Mother plaid me falſe,
And in my Abſence, ſtamp'd thee with *Rinaldo*——
Jul. Hold Sir——I do conjure you by your Honour,
Curſe me not, till you know what I reſolve.
Too true, O *Teraminta*, were thy Tears, [*Aſide.*
Give me a little Time to rouſe my Spirits,
To muſter all the Tyrant Man about me,
All that is fierce, auſtere, and greatly cruel,
To *Julio*, and his hapleſs *Teraminta!* [*Sighs.*
Coſ. Remember me!——look on thy Father's Suff'rings,
My Baniſhment, my Loſſes, and my Toyles!
All, All deriv'd from her accurſed Father.
If thou haſt Nature, Worth, or Honour in thee,
The Inſults I have born from her vile Race,
Will ſtir thee up to this new Act of Glory—— [*Pauſes.*
Thou want'ſt the Image of thy Father's Wrongs,
Or thou coud'ſt never think the hated Off-ſpring
Of his worſt Foe, ſhou'd ſhare his purchas'd Glory. [*Pauſes.*
I do allow thee fond, young, ſoft, and gentle,
Caught by the Charms of One, that is moſt lovely.
Yet *Julio*, this muſt all be loſt, when Honour,
When Heav'n, and thy Country come to claim thee.
Think then, thou heard'ſt them cry, Obey thy Father.
Jul. Break, break my Heart, and ſave me from this Guilt,
O Love! oh Duty! O thou cruel Honour! (Pangs!
Each tuggs my Heart——[*Pauſes in an agony*]Oh! mortal be the
——What is it, Sir, that you wou'd have me Swear? [*Pauſes again.*
That I may ſcape your Curſe, and gain your Bleſſing?

Coſ.

Cosm. That thou this Hour will part with *Teraminta*!
For once again, I swear if here she stays.
What for the Hatred of the Multitude,
And my Resolves t' expel the cursed Faction,
Her Person is not safe!——What would'st thou have her,
(Out of thy Childish Dotage) to stay here,
To meet the Rage of the insulting People;
Behold her dragg'd, and buffeted about;
Her beauteous Face besmear'd with Dirt, and Blood,
And all her tender Body bruiz'd, and torn,
Rather than send her hence, tho' for her safety?
Jul. Ha!——That dreadful Image kills me!
I cannot bear the Picture of that Horror,
Yes I can loose my *Teraminta*, rather,
Than keep her here to these Indignities!——
Here take me, Sir, oh! take me e're I cool!
I swear this Hour, I'll part with——oh!——
My tortur'd Soul!——with——oh! my *Teraminta*!
Cos. So——I trust thy Virtue!——
And, by my Hopes, I thank thee for the Conquest,
Once more, with all the Blessings, I can give thee,
I take thee to my Arms——thus on my Bosome,
The hard, and rugged Pillow of thy Honour,
I wean thee from thy Love——farewel——be fast
To what thou'st Sworn, and I am thine for ever. (that!
Jul. To what thou'st Sworn, oh! Heaven! and Earth what's
What hast thou Sworn?——to part with *Teraminta*!
To part with something dearer to my Heart
Than my Life's Drops.
Renounce thy Vows!——
Those Vows I made before the holy Priest!
Ye juster Pow'rs! I did forswear my self
In swearing that, and will forswear again.
Forsake her!——O! thou perjur'd Braggart!——where?
Where are thy Vaunts? thy Protestations now?

Enter Teraminta.

She comes! to ſtrike thy ſtagg'ring Duty down!——[*Pauſes*
'Tis faln!——'tis gone!——O *Teraminta!* come,
Come to my Arms, thou only Bliſs of *Julio!*
Huſh to my Cares, and Balm to all my Wounds,
Selected Hour, of All Life's happy Moments!
Ter. Oh *Julio!* I have ſeen a Sight that ſhocks me!
From out the Window, that o're looks the Market,
I ſaw the Wife of baniſh'd *Rinaldo*,
My Couſin, and the Mate of all my Childhood,
Chac'd by the Fury of the madding Multitude,
Jul. Oh! curs'd Remembrance! of what muſt undo me!—
Into what Times, my Love, our Lot is faln!
When wild *Erynnis* breaths her Plagues around,
And with Contagion blaſts ſecureſt Joys!
Ter. What means my Love?
Jul. And yet, my *Teraminta*, we may Smile,
Her blew Eruptions can't infect our Bliſs;
Come, come to Bed, e're yet the Night deſcends,
With her black Wings to brood o're all the World.
Why what care we? let us enjoy thoſe Pleaſures,
That Heav'n has given!——lock'd in each others Arms,
We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at Fate!
Ter. No, no, my Lord, there's more than you will own,[*Sighs*
You look, you talk diſorderly, and wild:
There's ſomething at your Heart, that I muſt find;
I claim it with the Priveledge of a Wife.
Keep cloſe your Joys; but for your Griefs, my *Julio*,
I muſt not, will not looſe my ſhare of them.
Oh! all my Fears! what is it ſtirs you thus?
Speak, ſpeak, my Lord, or *Teraminta* dies!——
Oh! Heavens! he weeps! nay then upon my Knees,
I thus conjure you ſpeak, or give me Death!
Jul. Riſe *Teraminta*!——oh! if I ſhou'd ſpeak
What I have raſhly Sworn againſt my Love,

I fear that I ſhould give thee Death indeed.
Ter. Againſt thy Love!——No——that's impoſſible!
The Tears you ſhed; this Agony of Soul
Tell me, my Lord, you love, as well as ever.
Jul. By all that's juſt I do——Oh *Teramintа*!
My Heart's Diſcerner, whither do's Fate drive us?
Ter. Oh! my Prophetic Fears!——
Jul. Sure I was born beneath the worſt,
The moſt malicious Influence of the Stars!
Doom'd ſtill to Love, what I muſt ne'er Enjoy!——
O! Father! Father! Why ſo obſtinate,
To ruin your moſt unhappy *Julio*.
Ter. O! gracious Heav'n! what means he?
Jul. Why was I made ſoft, conſtant, tender, loving?
And not, as fickle, as our roving Kind,
Whoſe Vows were ne'er acquainted with their Hearts,
And give no Pangs to break 'em.
Ter. Oh! *Julio, Julio!*
Ah! whither do's this diſmal Prologue tend?
But have a care, your Vows are not like theirs!
Remember what you promis'd when I left you
With your ſuſpected Father?
Jul. Ah! *Teramintа*! let me hide my ſhame!
This perjur'd Wretch dares not behold thy Eyes,
Where ſure there are ſuch ſoft, upbraiding Looks,
As muſt quite break my Heart.
Ter. You never lov'd me, *Julio*, never lov'd me!
But took a barbarous Pleaſure to deſtroy,
With ſeeming Truth, a fond believing Maid.
Jul. Oh? hear me firſt, and Judge by what you hear!
My Father wrought me up——I know not how——
To Swear——I know not what ——
That I this hour wou'd ſend thee hence with *Rimini*.
Ter. Ah! you are falſe my *Julio*!--- Mine? no mine no more!
Nor wou'd you leave your Falſehood to my Doubts,
Your Tongue muſt make it plain, leaſt my fond Love
Shou'd frame ſome kind miſtake.
Jul. But hear me out——

I ſtood the ſhock of all my Father's Anger,
His threaten'd Curſe, a Father's threaten'd Curſe;
And only yielded for my Fears for thee.
Ter. Oh! wretched *Teraminta!*
Jul. He Swore, there was no Safety for thy Perſon,
If thou ſtaid'ſt here——
That I muſt let thee go, or ſee the fall
A bloody Victim to the raging People.
See thee abus'd, drag'd round the ſtreets, and Slain!
Cou'd *Julio* love, and bear to ſee that Sight?
Ter. Ah! can'ſt thou think to part with thee is leſs?
To part is Death! to part is Death with Tortures!
With Shame, with Infamy, with all, that's odious!
Jul. Oh! on what Shelves does my ill Fortune throw me?
What ever way I take, I am moſt wretched!
And ſeeking to preſerve, I ruin thee—— [*Pauſes.*
——Fame! Honour! Duty! all, oh all farewel!
Wellcome my Father's Fury, and his Curſes!
For all are leſs, and better to be born,
Then *Teraminta*'s Doubts of *Julio*'s Love.—— [*Pauſes.*
——It ſhall be ſo——I have this only Way
To prove my Love, and yet obey my Father——
Yes I will die!——this Poiniard ſets me free
From all my Woes, and Fears. { *Draws a Dagger to ſtab himſelf, ſhe ſtops his hand.*

Ter. Oh! ſheath it here!
For that's a Proof I never can behold;
I do conjure you now, by all the Pow'rs?
Which we invok'd together at the Altar,
I beg you by the Love I know you bear me,
Not to attempt your Life——Oh! all ye Pow'rs!
Let me be rather torn in thouſand Pieces,
Become the Prey of the inſulting Croud;
Suffer ten thouſand Deaths, if poſſible,
Rather, than ſee you Die.
Jul. Oh! *Teraminta!* Oh——

Ter. No, no, my Lord, Love will learn of you,
And, to preſerve your Life, will loſe you,
Yes I will go——not all thy Charms ſhall ſtay me,
Not all my Wiſhes, and my breaking Heart,
That with fierce Love ſtill languiſhes to *Julio*.

Enter Donato.

Don. My Lord —your Father gives you thus in charge——
Remember what you Swore——The Guard is ready,
And I am order'd to conduct your Bride,
While you attend your Father.
Jul. Oh! *Teraminta*!
Then we muſt part?
Ter. We muſt, we muſt, my Lord,
Yet when I'm gone, Ah! think of *Teraminta*,
Think of your wretched Wife; ſure your Father
Will ſuffer that——indeed I'll think of you.
Jul. Oh! *Teraminta* I can never leave thee.
Ter. You muſt, my Lord,
Therefore be ſwift, and ſnatch your ſelf away,
Or I ſhall die with ling'ring.
Jul. Oh! one Kiſs,
Balmy, as Cordials, that recover Souls,
Chaſt as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers,
Preſerve thy ſelf, look well to that, my Love,
Think on our Covenant——when either dies,
The other is no more.
Ter. I do remember, but have no Language left.
Jul. Yet we ſhall meet, in ſpight of Sighs we ſhall,
At leaſt in Heav'n——
Oh *Teraminta*! once more to my Breaſt,
Once to my Lips, and ever to my Heart! [*Embracing.*
Thus the ſoft Mother, tho' her Babe be dead,
Will have the darling on her Boſome laid,

Will

Will talk, and rave, and with the Nurſes ſtrive,
And fond it ſtill, as if it were alive:
Knows it muſt go, yet ſtrugles with the Crowd,
And ſhrieks to ſee them wrap it in the Shrowd.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Grove in the Cordeliers *Garden, where* Julio *is discover'd lying extended on the Ground in a melancholly posture.*

Enter Lorenzo, *and Fryar* Stephen.

Lor. WEll Fryar *Stephen*, is my Brother here?
Step. My Lord he is.
Lor. What brought him?
Step. I train'd him hither.
Lor. How?
Step. I thought these wide, and Solitary Gardens,
Wou'd suit his Melancholly, and our Purpose.
I sought him long in vain, for Love had forc'd him,
Down to the fatal Road, that leads to *Milan*:
Through which his *Terimanta* just had past:
And there I found him lost in Thought profound.
Now——with swift steps he went along the Road,
As if he wou'd pursue her——Then o'th' sudden——
Stop'd in his full Carrier, and stood a while,
With his Eyes fixt by Sorrow on the Ground,
And then by Rage turn'd up to Heaven——
Long I survey'd his Agony of Soul,
And long I try'd before I cou'd prevail
To get him to our Monast'ry; where enter'd,
He shot from me, and fled into these Gardens,
And here has been e're since.
Lor. 'Tis well,——and are our Friends yet come?

Step.

Step. Some are, the reſt I expect each moment.
Lor. Let none but Friends have entrance.
Step. That Caution's needleſs.
Lor. Well then retire.
Step. I will——but not too far,
I know your fiery Temper, that may ruine
All we propoſe, if not by me prevented. [*Exit* Fryar.
Lor. This is the gloomieſt part of all the Grove,
And here I ſure ſhall find him——Ha! there he lies!
Extended on the Margin of the Brook
Loſt in profoundeſt Thought!——Oh! Pow'r of Love!
That thus converts all to it ſelf, like Fire!
Time was, when the loud Trumpet, and the Drum,
The Groans of dying Foes, the Victors Shouts,
Were his Delight; now Melancholly Airs,
And lonely Grotto's are his only Pleaſure.
But I muſt rouſe him——. [*Goes to him.*
What Wretch art thou, that at this dusky Hour
Haſt choſe this hard bleak Lodging? By my Fears
My Brother!——*Julio*! why in this ſad Poſture?
And why theſe heaving Sighs, and diſmal Groans,
That add to the brown Horrours of the Grove?
Julio, I ſay, now by my Soul, what means this?
Jul. Who e're thou art, that by ill Fortune guided,
Doſt deviate to the Haunts of my Deſpair,
Begone, and fly me, as thou woud'ſt the Plague,
My Fortune is infectious, the Contagion
Will blaſt thy Happineſs, if thou ſtay near me.
Lor. I have no Happineſs, while you have none,
Thy Brother, and thy Friend wou'd ſhun Repoſe,
While thy Deſpair thus ſhakes thy noble Frame.
But come, riſe up, my Brother, riſe, for ſhame;
For by my Hopes, I wou'd not for the World,
That any but my ſelf ſhou'd find thee thus.
What a vile Image wou'd it give of *Julio*,
To be found groaning here beneath a Load
That Action ſhou'd remove——If thou art wrong'd,
Thy Virtue, and thy Arm ſhou'd do thee Right.

Julio

Julio *rises and comes forward.*

Jul. Oh! my Brother——

Lor. I am thy Friend, ſpeak out!
Let me but know thy Wrongs, and if I ſuffer
Thee thus to languiſh, ſay I am no Friend,
Renounce *Lorenzo.*

Jul. Oh! is it poſſible,
Thou ſhoud'ſt not know the Cauſe of all my Woe?
Be ſure if this Right Hand cou'd do me Juſtice,
Thou had'ſt not found me here.

Lor. When laſt I ſaw thee,
I at the Altar ſaw thee, bleſt with Love;
With *Teraminta.*

Jul. Ha! name not *Teraminta*!
If thou woud'ſt have me keep my ſtragling Senſes.

Lor. Why is ſhe falſe?

Jul. Moſt true.

Lor. Or dead!

Jul. Ah! dead!
To me at leaſt!
Oh ſhe is gone! from me ſhe's gone for ever!

Lor. Gone? gone whither! how! and for what Reaſon?

Jul. Divorc'd! torn from me! on my Wedding day.

Lor. What Force cou'd wreſt her from thy Arms?

Jul. My Father.

Lor. My Father? why ſhou'd he? Beſides you've been
Always his Darling; Have you not provok'd him
By ſome ſtrange vile offence?

Jul. Oh! never!——never yet did I offend him;
Juſt Heav'n can witneſs all my unhappy Life.
A Piety inviolate I've paid him.

Lor. Then 'tis plain Tyranny.

Jul. 'Tis indeed
Severe.

Lor. Severe!——down right Barbarity!

Jul. His Hate to her Father, and his Fears for *Florence*——

Lor. What cou'd he hate in her? or what fear from her?
A Woman, tender, innocent, and young!

Jul. A Soul ſo ſoft too! —— ſo remov'd from Miſchief——
Lor. Come, come 'tis plain, he cou'd not hate, nor fear her;
And 'tis meer Luſt of Cruelty in his Nature.
Jul. What e're it is, he is my Father ſtill!
Lor. Becauſe his Children, muſt we be his Slaves?
Jul. Oh! Heav'n! what can I do?——yes,——yes, *Lorenzo*,
I know how much ſeverely I am dealt with,
And feel the Rigour of my Slavery;
The Agony of *Teraminta*'s Loſs!——but——
Lor. Her Loſs indeed, more truely than you mean!——
Where is ſhe gone? what guards her from ill Fortune?
The Injuries of Chance? and Hazards of the Camp?
Jul. Oh! All ye Pow'rs!
Lor. Perhaps you think, ſhe's with her Father ſafe,
But oh! reflect that he's to *Milan* fled,
A Prince, whoſe Will, whoſe Fancy is his Law,
Nor too much fam'd for keeping of his Word,
Or for the Rights of Hoſpitality,
When e're his Luſt, or his Ambition prompts him.
Jul. Oh! Brother! O Friend! Oh! do not rack my Soul.
Lor. But were no Danger there, and loſt *Rinaldo*,
Still leading on his Troops againſt this City.
Think that thou ſaw'ſt the adverſe Armies join'd;
Rinaldo beaten; now his Camp ſurpris'd;
Our Souldiers plundring; thy chaſt Wife a Prize
To ſome vile Slave! the Beauteous *Teraminta*,
With Hair diſheveld, ſwoln, with Tears her Eyes;
Her ſilver Voice grown Hoarſe with calling on thee,
Calling in vain to free her from the Arms,
From the Embraces, of ſome luſtful Villain——
Jul. No more—— leaſt I grow wild with the dire Image.
What can be done to ſave my *Teraminta*?
Lor. I ſoon cou'd ſhow the way.
Jul. Oh! do it quickly.
Lor. Yes cou'd I think you truly Lov'd her.
Jul. Love her! Life to her is vile!——ſhew the Way,
Tho' Life, Fame, Glory, all were loſt I'd on.

Lor.

Lor. The way I offer brings you no ſuch Hazzards;
But Life, Fame, Honour, Glory, Wealth, and Love.
Jul. Oh! my beſt Friend, Reſtorer of my Peace:
Delay not, but inform me.
Lor. Remember,
If thou let ſlip that bright occaſion,——now
'Tis gone for ever.
Jul. Rack me not, proceed.
Lor. *Florence*, you know ſince firſt it ſhook the Yoak
O'th' Empire off, was for four Hundred Years
Still Govern'd by the Nobles, by them Defended
From Foreign Foes, and from Domeſtick Broils;
Thus under their Auſpicious Rule ſhe grew
In Empire, Fame, and Wealth; till the proud People
Uneaſy with their Happineſs, Rebell'd,
And threw their Benefactors from the Helm.
What had Enſu'd, but Rapin, and Deſtruction,
Had not ſome Noble Spirit then aroſe
And Re-inthron'd the Lords!
Jul. Prethee no more——
Divert this tedious, and unwellcome Tale,
And come to what you promis'd.
Lor. Know then,——*Rinaldo*, too generous to ſit down
With this new Ruin of his Country, comes
With a moſt potent Army to its Reſcue.
Thouſands of Noble *Florentines* expect him,
And tho' the braveſt, greateſt of our City,
All long to call you Chief.
Thus you redeem the Errours of our Houſe,
Preſerve your ſelf and Love——Tho' I am ſafe,
I cannot think I am, while you're in Danger.
Jul. So you wou'd have me be a Traytor.
Lor. No, I wou'd have you ceaſe to be ſo——be Loyal——
'Tis Treaſon to oppoſe, and not aſſiſt
Thoſe, that reſtore our ancient Laws, and Rights.
Jul. You have forgot ſure, that you have a Father.
Lor. When he forgets the Nature of a Father,
Which Name implies all Tenderneſs, and Love;

And grows a Tyrant, lays aſide all Juſtice,
Truth, Reaſon, and the Ties of Conſcience. I'd ceaſe
To think my ſelf his Son.
Jul. I ſay——no more——
Leaſt I ſuſpect, you never meant me well.
Lor He is a Man, and by his Paſſions ſwaid——
Whence elſe his cauſeleſs hate of *Teraminta*?
He is Ambituous too, and Cruel——Witneſs
His poor Deſcent to court for Pow'r the Vulgar?
His Treatment of *Rinaldo*'s Houſe, and thee?
Jul. Lorenzo, if yet thou woud'ſt preſerve
My Love, or Patience——urge this Point no farther.
Lor. If he ſhou'd pleaſe himſelf with Sacriledge,
As well, as Treaſon; for the public Good
Expel Religion, as he has the Nobles,
Will Duty bind us to partake his Crimes?
Jul. I will not hear thee.
Lor. But by your Wrongs you ſhall.
Come, this is Peeviſhneſs, meer Biggottry of Duty,
'Tis thy Diſeaſe, and I thy Friend will Cure,
Jul. Friend!——'tis falſe!——now by my Soul *Lorenzo*,
Thou haſt done baſely by me——Wert thou a Friend,
And had'ſt a Cauſe, that Virtue durſt avow,
Thou woud'ſt have taken me in my greateſt Calm,
And offer'd it to my unruffled Reaſon.
But conſcious of the Vileneſs of the Fact,
Thou'ſt meanly watch'd my Hurricane of Soul,
And work'd my Paſſion to ſurprize my Honour
Into a Crime againſt my Father;
Againſt my Source of Being.
Lor. Againſt a Tyrant, whom my Soul diſowns.
Jul. As mine does thee——begone--begone--and leave me---
See me no more——
Lor. See thee no more?——no obſtinate dull Fool,
Fond of that Miſery, thou canſt not bear.
Jul. I can bear any thing but thee——begone——
Lor. Oh! 'tis thy ſtupid Slaviſhneſs of Temper!——
A fawning Spaniels Temper——a Dog's Virtue

To

To lick the hand, that beats him——oh! had'ſt thou
The Spirit of a weak, and puling Girle,
Thou coud'ſt not bear it.

Jul. I ſhall not bear thy Inſolence.

Lor. 'Tis falſe——thou wilt, thy Nature's made to bear.

Jul. Go to——you're a Boy——a fooliſh headſtrong Boy——

Lor. Boy!

Jul. A Villain e're a Man.

Lor. Villain! ha!—— [*Claps his hand to's Sword*

Jul. Why ſhou'd the Name offend? the thing thou own'ſt.
The Place protects thee, or I wou'd prevent
The Ax, the Ax, and puniſh thee my ſelf.

Lor. [*Drawing*] It is a Cowards Refuge——
Elſe thou durſt ſooner urge a hungry Lion,
Than thus provoke me——But draw——there
Is no Refuge for thee here.

Jul. Raſh Boy. [*They draw, enter Fryar* Stephen *and interpoſes*

Step. Now by the Honours of this Sacred Place,
What irreligious Fury arms your Hands?
My Lord, *Lorenzo*, you have been to blame.

Lor. He urg'd me beyond the Patience of a Coward——
But I have done——Go, go, go home——betray,
Betray thy Brother, as thou haſt done thy Wife:
To an inhumane Father offer both.

Jul. Repent, repent *Lorenzo*——
For me Thou'rt ſafe——but oh! repent thy Madneſs,
E're Heav'ns avenging Juſtice overtake thee.

Lor. Repent thee of thy Folly,
And think of *Teraminta*!——ſo I leave thee [*Exit with Prieſt*

Jul. Think of *Teraminta*! ha! that Name
Again awakes my Fears; and ſets before me
The gaſtly Image of thoſe dreadful Suff'rings,
She is expos'd to!—Oh! my Virtue hold!
Oh! Piety now hold me firm, and fixt,
Or I am loſt for ever—— [*Pauſes.*
Oh! 'tis enough, that I am Miſerable,
I'll not be guilty too!—— ha! not guilty!

Have I forgot the Breach of Nuptial Vows,
My broaken Oaths to wretched *Teraminta*!

Enter Fryar Stephen *with* Teraminta.

Fryar. You've heard the Pleasure of Lord *Rimini*,
And what he did command, I've sworn to do
With this sharp consecrated Poiniard on this spot. [*talk together*
Jul. Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground,
With thy bear Breast lie wedded to the Dew,
Then as thou drink'st the Tears, that trickle from thee,
So stretch'd, resolve to lie till Death shall seize thee,
Thy sorrowful Head hung o're some tumbling stream,
To rock thy Griefs with Melancholly Sounds,
With Broaken Murmurs, and redoubl'd Groans,
To help the gurgling of the Water's Fall.
Ter. I am instructed
Since then my Life's at stake, you need not doubt,
But I will act with all the Force I can,
Let me intreat you leave me here alone
Some Minutes, and I'll call you to the conquest. [*Exit Priest.*
Oh! *Julio*! Ah! what Face of Death is this.
Jul. Oh! Heav'n! I cannot bear it! will not bear it?
Yes, I will ask the cruel Pow'rs
For what bold Sin, they doom the wretched *Julio*
To such a Loss, as that of *Teraminta*.
Oh! *Teraminta*, I will groan thy Name
Till the tir'd Eccho faint with Repetition,
Till all the breathless Grove, and quiet Myrtles,
Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempest bow'd 'em.
Nothing but *Teraminta*! Ah my *Teraminta*!
Ter. Nothing but *Julio*; *Julio* and *Teraminta*! [*he starts up.*
Thus let me rob the Fountains, and the Groves,
Thus gird thee to me in the fastest Knot [*Embraces.*
Of Arms, and Spirits, that thou wou'd clasp thee through,
Cold, as thou art, and wet with Nights faln Dews,
Yet dearer so, thus richly dress'd in Sorrows,
Then if the God's had hung thee round with Kingdoms.
Oh! *Julio*! oh!

Jul.

Jul. I find thee *Teraminta*!
Wak'd from a fearful Dream, and hold the faſt!
'Tis real——and I give thee back thy Joys!
Thou boundleſs Love, with Pleaſures running o're,
Leap to my Heart, and now defie the Stars. [*Embrace.*
But oh! why do we looſe this precious moment?
Let's be before hand with our Fortune, and leave
Th' unwholeſome Damps of this contagious Air.
Ter. O *Julio*! you muſt hear me firſt,
I bring a Meſſage from my furious Father;
I promis'd, nay I was ſworn not to touch you,
Till I had charm'd you to *Rinaldo*'s Party.
Jul. Ha *Taraminta*! not to touch thy Husband
Unleſs he prove a Villain?
Ter. Julio no,
I'm ſworn to tell you, that you are a Traytor
If you refuſe to fight the Nobles Quarrel.
Jul. Hold *Teraminta*——
Ter. No, my Lord, 'tis plain;
And I am ſworn to lay my Reaſons home.
Rouſe then, awake; recall your ſleeping Virtue.
Side with *Rinaldo*; arm againſt your Father;
Take part with thoſe, who Loyally have Sworn
To let him in by Night——*Valori*,
Caſtrucio, and your Brother are at hand.
Therefore I charge you haſt, Subſcribe your Name,
And ſend your vow'd Aſſiſtance to my Father.
'Tis *Teraminta*, that intreats you thus,
Charms and, conjures you; tell them Inſtantly
You'll Head their Enterprize; for you the People
Doat on, as ſure as all Mankind muſt.
And then my Love, my Lord, I will obey you.
Jul. Never, I ſwear——
Oh *Teraminta*! thou haſt broke my Heart,
By all my Hopes from thee this was too much!
Farewell——and take this with thee——for——thy——ſake,
I will not Fight againſt, nor for *Rinaldo*.
I'll fly my Father, Brother, Friends for ever,

Forſake

Forſake the Haunts of Man; converſe no more
With ought, that's humane. But dwell in endleſs Darkneſs;
For ſince the ſight of thee is now unwellcome,
What can Light ſhow me elſe, that I can bear? [*Going.*
Ter. Come back, my Lord, by thoſe Immortal Pow'rs
We once invok'd, I'll fix you in this Virtue——
And if thy *Teraminta*, by the Frailty
Of Sex, and Love betray'd, cou'd wiſh for Life
A while to enjoy her much lov'd Lord, her *Julio*:
Do but reflect; remember ſhe's a Woman,
The natural Slave to Fear, and fond Deſires.
But ſince I find thee obſtinate in Virtue,
I'll die to root thee in this ſolid Glory!
Yes, yes, my *Julio*, tho' my Death is Sworn,
I'll never preſs thee more to be unfaithful.
Jul. Thy Death, and Sworn! by whom? where? how?
Ter. The *Afrisan* Bridge I ſcarce, as yet had reach'd,
When *Rimini* my Couſin baniſh'd hence,
This very day o're took me——
Drove me aſide into his Country Villa,
And ſwore me to attempt thy honour thus.
Won more by hopes of ſeeing thee again,
If but to die with thee, than aw'd by Threats,
I yielded to his Will.
He in the Dusk of Ev'ning brought me back,
And gave to Fryar *Stephen* this Commiſſion,
To ſtab me in your Preſence if not wrought
To ſerve the Nobles Cauſe; but by your Honour,
Keep to that Point your Conſtancy has gain'd.
Jul. Oh! all ye Pow'rs!
Ter. Yet oh! my *Julio*, if you ſee *Rinaldo*
Hereafter with his Wounds upon the Earth,
Julio for my ſake, for poor *Teraminta*,
Who rather dy'd, than you ſhou'd looſe your Honour.
Do not you ſtrike him, do not dip your Sword
In his dear Blood, becauſe he was my Father.
Jul. No *Teraminta*, no by all my Hopes,
I will defend him ev'n againſt my Father.
See ſee, my Love, behold the Flight I take;

What

What all the Ties of Brotherhood, and Friendſhip?
What all the Charms of thy expected Bed
Cou'd not once move my Soul to think of acting?
Thy Tears, and menac'd Death, by which thou ſtriv'ſt
To fix me in the Principles of Glory,
Have wrought me off.
Ter. Is then your purpos'd honour come to this.
Jul. Thy Death! thy Death, my Love,
I'll think on that, and laugh at boaſted Honour,
Glory, Blood, Nature, Ties of Reverence,
The Dues of Birth, Reſpect of Parents, all,
All are, as this the Air I drive before me.
What Hoa! *Caſtrucio*, and *Valori* come,
And thou, O! Fatal Prieſt make haſt, approach,
I'm ready for the Leap, I'll take it with you,
Tho' deep, as to the Fiends.
Ter. Thus hear me *Julio.* [*Kneels.*
Jul. Off from thy Knees away;
What on this Theam thy Death, and ſtab'd before me!

Enter Fryar Stephen, Lorenzo, Caſtrucio, Valori.

Speak not——I will not hear thee on this Subject.
O *Lorenzo*! excuſe thy Brother's Frailty,
Nor think I lov'd thee leſs, for yielding now
Unmov'd by thee!——Upbraid me not *Lorenzo*,
But tho' I'm loſt, oh! ſave thy ſelf my Brother!
And leave me to my ſingle Ruin!
Lor. No, no, my Friend, if Ruin muſt attend thee,
I'm pleas'd to fall with thee——
Jul. Caſtrucio, and *Valori*, wellcome, wellcome!
I'll joyn you in this Conjuration——come,
I am as free, as he that dares be formoſt.
Ter. My Lord! my Husband!
Jul. Take this Woman from me!
Nay look you Sirs, I am not yet ſo gone,
So headlong neither into this Deſign,
To quench my horrid Thirſt, with *Coſmo*'s Blood.

No

No, by th' eternal Pow'rs I bar you that.
My Father ſhall not bleed.

Lor. You cou'd not think
Your Brother ſure ſo monſtrous in his kind,
As not to make his Father's Life his Care.

Jul. Thus then, my Lords, I liſt my ſelf among you,
And with my Pen, in ſhort, ſubſcribe my ſelf
Rinaldo's Servant——The words are theſe.
Julio to *Rinaldo*.
Sir, you need only know my Brother's mind
To judge of mine, who am reſolv'd to ſerve you.

Step. 'Tis full enough.

Exeunt all but Julio *and* Teraminta.

Jul. Then leave me to the hire
Of this hard Labour; to the dear bought Prize,
Whoſe Life I purchaſs'd with my Loſs of Honour.
Come to my Breaſt thou Tempeſt beaten Flow'r
Brim full of Rain, and ſtick upon my Heart!
Oh! ſhort-liv'd Roſe! yet I ſome hours will wear thee,
Yes by yon Stars, I'll ſmell thee till I languiſh,
Rifle thy Sweets, and run the o're and o're,
Fall like the Night upon thy folding Beauties,
And claſp the Dead; then like the Morning Sun,
With a new Heat kiſs thee to Life again,
And make the Pleaſure equal to the Pain.

Exeunt.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Caſtrucio's *Houſe.*

Scene *Opens, and Conſpirators, as in Conſult,* Lorenzo, Caſtrucio, Adimari, Valori, *Fryar* Stephen, *&c.*

Lor. ALL Hands have here Subſcrib'd, and that your Hearts
Prove reſolute to what your Hands have written,
Behold the Meſſenger of Heav'n, this good Prieſt,
To bind you with moſt Holy Vows, and Oaths
Not to Diſcloſe, or make leaſt Sign, or Show
Of what you have both Heard, and Seen, and Sworn,
But bear your ſelves as if it ne'r had been.
Step. Swear then, by all the Powers Celeſtial,
Not to reveal, tho' Racks were ſet before you,
A Syllable of what is paſt, and done.
All. We Swear.

Enter Julio.

Jul. What, hoa! *Lorenzo*, give me back my Hand,
Good Heav'n awake you to Repentance,
As it has me! Woudſt thou believe it Brother?
Since I deliver'd thee that fatal Scroul,
That curſed Writing, my Heart rebell'd
Againſt it ſelf, my Thoughts were up in Arms,
My Reaſon, and my Faculties were Wreck'd,
My Body, like the Hull of ſome loſt Veſſel,
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling Fears,
Therefore I charge thee give me back my Writing.
Lor. What means my Brother?
Jul. May I be doom'd ev'n to the worſt of Fates,
If I enjoy'd the Beauties, that I ſav'd;
The Horrors of the Treaſon ſhock'd my Joys,

And I lay colder by her Side, than Marble,
As if I'd drunk the Blood of Elephants,
Drowsy *Mandragora*, or the Juice of *Hemlock*.
Step. I like him not, I think we'd best dispatch him.
Jul. Nothing but Images of Horror round me,
Florence in Blood, the ravish'd Matrons raving,
Enclosures broke, and all the dismal Havock
Of Towns permitted to the Vengeful Sword.
Therefore, I say, return me my Writing;
For I will have it.

Enter Liberto, *and* Lando *with Guards.*

Lan. 'Twas here I left them,
And came to you, lest *Cosmo* should not hear me,
His Sons being with them. See, Here they are.
Uber. Seize 'em all. [*Guards seize 'em.*
Horror upon me, what will this Night bring forth?
Yes, ye immortal Powers, strike, strike *Uberto*,
Since these are here! --- *Julio* and *Lorenzo!*
Oh! From this time let me be Blind and Dumb!
But hast there, *Odo*, fly, call hither *Cosmo!* [*Exit Odo.*
Bid him for ever leave the Down of Rest,
And Sleep no more. If *Florence* were on Fire,
Rinaldo in the Streets, dealing round Slaughter,
He would less wonder, than at *Julio* here.
Jul. Stop there! Oh! Stop that Messenger of Fate,
Here bind, *Uberto*, bind this Villain's Hands,
Tear off my Robes, and lash me like a Slave,
Or like a Robber, hang me on a Gibbet,
Rack me Tear within some horrid Dungeon;
I do submit this Traytor, this Curs'd Villain,
To all the Stings of most ingenious Tortures,
So thou dispatch me e're my Father comes.
But hark! I hear the Tread of Fatal *Cosmo!*
I cannot bear his Face, away with me---
Or like a Whirlwind, I'll tear my Way,
I care not whither. [*He Guarded out.*

Uber.

Uber. Go, my Good *Lando*, go, and ſtop the People,
Get 'em together to the Palace Gate;
Where all the Senate, early in the Morning,
Will ſee ſtrict Juſtice done upon the Traitors.
For thee the State ſhall give thee due Rewards,
Great as thy Service.

Lan. I humbly thank your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Enter Coſmo *attended.*

Coſm. O my *Uberto!* Are theſe Horrors true?
Haſt thou this Night embowel'd me?
Ranſack'd thy *Coſmo*'s Veins,
And found two Villains lurking in my Blood?

Uber. The blackeſt Treaſon that e'er Darkneſs bred,
And who to hatch theſe Horrors for the World,
Who to ſeduce the Noble Youths of *Florence*,
To draw 'em to ſo Damn'd a Conjuration,
And bind 'em too with Oaths, but this Good Man?
This Meſſenger from Heaven?

Coſ. Now all the Fiends reward him for it,
Away with them, to the Priſon bear 'em.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators Guarded.*

Read the Packet ore.
I'll bear it as I'm able, read 'em out.

Uberto *reads.*] The Sum of the Conſpiracy——To *Rivaldo.*
It ſhall begin with all the Senates Death,
Coſmo, and *Uberto* too muſt bleed,
And every Man that ſtands againſt the Nobles.
Be ready therefore, Sir, to ſend your Troops
By Twelve to Morrow Night, and come your ſelf,
In Perſon, if you'd have our Cauſe ſucceed.
All, that have Sworn to venture ev'n their Lives
For This Deſign, ſubſcribe themſelves your Servant,
Lorenzo, *Adimari*, and *Valori*,
Caſtrucio, *Barbadori*, and *Bernardo*,
Fryer *Stephen*, Prior of the *Cordeliers.*

Coſ. Ha! my *Uberto!* Is not *Julio* there?

Uber. He's here my Lord, a Paper by himſelf.

Julio to *Rinaldo*.

Sir, you need only know my Brother's Mind
To Judge of me, who am reſolv'd to ſerve you.
What do you think my Lord?

Coſ. Think, my *Uberto*;
By my Heart I know not, I'm at a Loſs of Thought!
But my *Uberto*, wonder not at *Coſmo*,
If thou behold him ſhed unmanly Tears,
To ſee his Blood, his Children, his own Bowels,
Conſpire the Death of him that gave 'em Being.

Uber. Oh! no,-- I Wonder more You bear it thus,
That your Heart breaks not with th' unuſual Sorrow.

Coſ. Not to be mov'd, with ſuch prodigious Suffrings,
Were not to be a Man, or have his Paſſions,-- [*Pauſes.*
Yet O *Uberto!* tho' I own the Man,
M' Ambitious Soul now ſtruggles up to Glory,
Uncommon Glory, and a bright Ambition.
O *Brutus! Brutus!* thou inſpir'ſt my Soul!
Yes, Since the hard Neceſſity of State,
And the immortal Pow'rs themſelves Decree
There muſt be Patterns drawn of Nobleſt Virtue,
Coſmo ſubmits to the eternal Doom.

Uber. Can I believe there can be ſuch Perfection
Ev'n in an Age ſo profligate as this?

Coſ. Firſt, As I am their Father, I forgive them,
I pardon, both of them, this black Deſign;
But, as I am the Father of my Country,
To whom ſh' intruſts her Safety, I abhor 'em,
And caſt them from my Soul with Deteſtation,
The nearer to my Blood, the deeper Guilt.

Enter Teraminta.

Nay, I will ſtand unbowell'd at the Altar!
See ſomething dearer to me, than my Entrails
The Sacrifice to Juſtice.

Ter. What Sacrifice? what Victims? Sir, are theſe?
Which you intend? O ye eternal Pow'rs!
How ſhall I vent my Sorrows? Oh! my Lord!

Yet e'er you ſign the Death, you have deſign'd,
The Death of all that's lovely in the World,
Hear what the Witneſs of his Soul can ſay;
The only Evidence, that can, or dare
Appear for your Unhappy, Guiltleſs Son;
Juſt Heaven commands you, Virtue, Truth and Juſtice,
Which you with ſo much Rigour have ador'd;
Beg you wou'd hear the wretched *Teraminta.*

Coſ. Ceaſe thy Laments, tho' of *Rinaldo*'s Blood,
Yet more the Wife of my forgotten Son;
Thou ſhalt be heard.

Ter. Have you forgot him then?
Have you forgot your ſelf? the Image of you?
The moving Gheatneſs of your Eyes? their Mercy,
Their yielding Goodneſs! not quite ſo ſevere!
Yet ſtill moſt like, and can you then forget him?

Coſ. Will you proceed?

Ter. My Lord, I will ---- know then
After your Son, --- your Son, that loves you more,
Than I love him; after our common *Julio*,
The Wealth o'th' World, unleſs you rob it of him,
Had long endur'd th' Aſſaults of the Rebellious,
And ſtill kept fixt to what you had enjoin'd him;
I, as Fate order'd it, was ſent back by *Rimini*,
With my Death menac'd, ev'n before his Eyes,
Doom'd to be Stabb'd, before him, by the Prieſt,
Unleſs he yielded not t' oppoſe the Nobles.
Conſider, Sir, Oh! make it your own Caſe,
Juſt Wedded, juſt on th' expected Joys,
So loving too, and as he did love,
Granted in haſte, in Heat, in Flame of Paſſion,
He knew not what himſelf, and ſo ſubſcrib'd.

Uber. Go on, now, by my Soul, your Son is Innocent!

Ter. But now, Sir, now, my Lord, behold a Wonder,
Behold a Miracle to move your Soul!
Tho' in my Arms, her Arms ſo much he doated on,
His noble Heart ſtruck with the Love of *Coſmo*,
Of what he promis'd you, till then forgot,
Leapt in his Breaſt, and daſh'd him from his Joys.

He ſtarted, and cryed out — Ye Immortal Powers!
What have I done?
No, *Teraminta*, let us rather periſh,
Divide for ever, with whole Seas betwixt us,
Rather, than Sin againſt ſo good a Father.
Tho' he before condition'd for your Life,
Yet would not truſt the Traitors with the Safety
Of him he call'd the Image of High Heav'n.
Uber. Oh! Saint-like Virtue of a Wife!
Now all the Arts of Women's Tongues inſpire thee,
Inſpire thy ſoft, and tender Soul to move him!
Ter. On this he roſe, Swore by the Pow'rs Divine
He wou'd fetch back the Paper, that he gave,
Or leave his Life among them: Kept his Word,
And came to challenge it — but Oh! too late.
For in the midſt of all his Piety,
His ſtrong Perſwaſions to a ſwift Repentance,
Lando approach'd, who had before alarm'd
The Wiſe *Uberto*, who with all the Guards
Found *Julio* here, believ'd him like the reſt,
And ſeiz'd him too as Guilty.
Uber. But by my Hopes, my Soul acquits him now!
Bleſt be thy Tongue, and bleſt th' auſpicious Pow'rs
That ſent thee, O true Pattern of Perfection,
To plead his bleeding Cauſe! There needs no more!
I ſee his Father's mov'd! — Behold a Joy,
A watry Comfort riſing in his Eyes,
That ſays, 'tis more than half a Heav'n to hear thee.
Coſ. Haſte O *Uberto*, haſte, and ſend for *Julio*! [*Exit* Uberto.
Ter. For *Julio*! Oh! That is a Word too diſtant!
Say for your Son, for your beloved Son;
The Darling of the World, the Joy of Heav'n,
The Hope of Ages paſt, and Bliſs of thoſe to come,
Your Soul's beſt Wiſh, and comfort of your Age.

Enter Uberto *and* Julio.

Jul. Oh! Whither ſhall I run to hide me?
Where ſhall I lower fall? How ſhall I lie

More groveling in your View, and howl for Mercy?
Yet 'tis some Comfort to my wild Despair,
Some Joy in Death, that I may kiss your Feet,
And swear upon them by these streaming Tears;
Black as I am, with all my Guilt upon me,
I never harbour ought against your Person,
Ev'n in the height of my Distraction.
Your Life, my Lord was Sacred, ever Dear,
And ever precious to unhappy *Julio*.

Cos. Rise *Julio*! rise my Son!

Jul. Alas! I dare not!
I have not Strength enough to see the Majesty,
That I have brav'd. If thus far I aspire,
If on your Knees I hang, and vent my Groans,
It is too much, too much for thousand Lives.

Cos. I pity thee, my Son, and I forgive thee,
And that thou mayst believe my Mercy true;
I take thee to my Arms.

Jul. Oh! All you heav'nly Powers!

Ter. Ah! See, Sir, see against his Will! Behold
He does Obey, tho' he wou'd chuse to kneel!
Now by my hopes of Mercy, he's so soft,
His Heart's so full, brimful of Tenderness,
The Sense of what you've done, has struck him Speechless.
Nor can he thank you now but with his Tears.

Cos. My dear *Iberno*, let me now intreat thee,
Withdraw a while with gentle *Teraminta*,
And leave us to our selves,

Ter. Ah! Sir, I fear you now!
Nor can I leave you, with the humble *Julio*;
Unless you promise me you will not chide,
Nor fall again to Anger; Do not, Sir,
Do not upbraid his Soft and Melting Temper
With what is past. Behold he Sighs again!
My Heart forebodes a Storm, I know not why:
But say, my Lord, give me your Godlike Word:
You'll not be cruel, I'll not trust my Heart;
Howe'er it leaps, and fills me with new Horror.

Cos. I promise thee.

Ter.

Ter. I thank you, Sir;
Ev'n from my Soul, I thank you for this Goodneſs,
The great, good, gracious Pow'rs reward, and bleſs you!
Ah! *Julio!* Ah! my Soul's perpetual Pleaſure!
I fear I leave thee with too hard a Uſurer; ---
But I perforce muſt truſt him. --- O Farewel!
[*Exit with* Uberto.

Coſ. Well, *Julio*, Speak, --- How is it with thee now?
I wou'd attend; a while, this mighty Motion,
Wait till the Tempeſt is quite over-blown,
That I might take thee in the Calm of Nature,
Thy Agony of Soul quite hûſh'd, and ſtill.
Speak then, and tell me, Oh! my beſt belov'd!
My Son, my *Julio*, Is all well again?

Jul. So well, that I cou'd wiſh to die this Moment;
For that I muſt, my Virtue, and my Reaſon
At once aſſure me.
That were, indeed, to make you Reparation,
And in Your Juſtice, blot out my Diſgrace;
And that for *Julio* too wou'd be moſt Happy.

Coſ. How's that, my Son, wou'd Death for thee be Happy?

Jul. Moſt certainly, for in my Grave, I ſcape
All thoſe Affronts, which I in Life muſt look for,
All thoſe Reproaches, which the Eyes, and Fingers,
And Tongues of *Florence* daily will caſt on me.
From whom, to a Soul ſo ſenſible as mine
Each ſingle Scorn wou'd be far worſe, than Death.
To hear the pointing People mark me out:
That, that is he, that with the Sons of Riot,
Conſpir'd againſt his Father and his Country!
Oh! Heaven! I cannot bear th' opprobrious Thought!
Here, here, my Lord, here ſheath your Vengeful Dagger!
Oh! By a ſpeedy Death from your dear Hand,
Preſerve your Son, preſerve the wretched *Julio!*
From Stings of Conſcience; from Racks of Infamy,
That muſt for ever Torture my Remembrance;
By day purſue me, haunt me in the Night,
Caſting my blotted Honour in my Way,
Where-e'er my Melancholy Thoughts ſhall guide me.

Coſ.

Cos. But is not Death a very dreadful thing?

Jul. Not to a Mind resolv'd; to me, Sir,
It seems as Natural, as to be Born.
Yes, Sir, I call th' offended Powers to Witness,
Julio dares dye, if you have so decreed,
To make your Justice famous through the World.

Cos. Alas! my *Julio!* fain I would preserve thee,
The Glory, and the Comfort of my Age!

Jul. Impossible! Oh! Sir, it is impossible!
Not but your Pow'r perhaps might set me free;
But then both You and all the *Medici*
Must fall a Sacrifice to Changing *Florence*,
Florence, instable as the Wind, and Seas!
And only to be fixt by *Cosmo*'s Virtue.

Cos. Oh! *Julio!* Thou absolute Young Man!
Thou flattering Mirror of thy Fathers Image,
Where I behold my self to such Advantage!
Thou perfect Glory of the *Medici*,
Let me endear thee once more to my Bosome.
Here press thee Close, close to my sad Heart,
Groan an eternal Farwel to thy Soul;
Instead of Tears, weep Blood if possible,
Blood! the Heart Blood of *Cosmo* on his Child!
For thou must die, my *Julio*, die my Son!
I swear that Fate has doom'd thee to the Grave.
The violated Genius of thy Country,
Rears his sad Head, and passes Sentence on thee.
This Morning Sun, that lights my Sorrows on
To the Tribunal of this horrid Vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Jul. Alas! my Lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your Sorrows?
Why should the godlike *Cosmo* shake to doom me?
Why all these Trappings to a Traitor's Hearse?
The Fates will have it so.

Cos. They will my *Julio!* ---
Nay Heav'n and Earth combine to have it so.
Yes, *Julio*, mark me, --- the deeper that I search,
My harrass'd Soul returns the more confirm'd.

Florence not more remark'd is for her Valour,
Than her Diviſions, and domeſtic Jarrs,
That hitherto have circumſcrib'd her Glory,
And cramp'd it up into a narrow Compaſs,
Thoſe, by Proſcriptions Sprung from private Hate,
Have robb'd her of Ten thouſands of her Children,
And Scatter'd them abroad thro' all the World,
Teaching our Foes our Virtues.
The Factions of the Nobles, and *Plebeians*,
Alternately Victorious, have made pale *Florence*
For rolling Ages look like *Sylla*'s days,
She hourly views the Slaughter of her Sons
To ſtop this Ruin, and my Country ſave.
Methinks I ſee the very Hand of Heav'n
Like a Machine now hurle me to thy Death.
It ſeems as if that Fate had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling Spirits of this People,
By giving both my Sons up to the Ax.

Jul. The Ax! Oh! Heav'n! Then muſt I fall ſo baſely?
What, ſhall I periſh by the common Hang-man?

Coſ. If thou deny me this, thou giv'ſt me nothing.
Yes, *Julio*, ſince the Heav'ns have ſo decreed
That I muſt loſe thee; --- I will take th' Advantage
Of thy important Fate; cement our Flaws,
And heal our wounded Freedom with thy Blood.
I will aſcend my ſelf the ſad Tribunal,
And ſit upon my Sons; on thee my *Julio*.
Behold thee ſuffer all the Shame of Death;
The Hang-man's Laſhes, Bleed before the People,
Then in the midſt of this bright dawn of Youth,
See thy Head ſever'd by the Common Ax,
Without a Groan, without a pitying Tear;
Yes if my Virtue hold me to my Purpoſe,

Jul. Scourg'd like a Vulgar, Raſcal Criminal!
But I deſerve all!---- yet here I fail!
The Image of this Suffering-quite Unmans me,
Nor can I longer ſtop the guſhing Tears.
Oh! Sir! Oh! *Coſmo*! Muſt I call you Father,
Yet have no Token of your Tenderneſs?

No Sign of Mercy? What not bate me that?
Can you reſolve? --- Oh! all the Extremity,
Of Cruel Rigour! --- to behold me too! ---
Ah! Sir! Why ſhou'd you make my Heart ſuſpect,
That all your late Compaſſion was diſſembl'd?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Coſ. Why Felons every Day die unconcern'd;
It is thy Shame, thy publick Infamy,
Thy moſt peculiar Puniſhment muſt fix
My Juſtice, and in that this State, and People,
Aw'd by this Terror from their veering Temper.
Yet think I love thee, by my preſent Paſſion,
By theſe unmanly Tears; theſe Earthquakes here;
Theſe Sighs, that twitch the very Strings of Life! ---
Think that no other Cauſe on Earth cou'd move me
To Tremble thus, to Sob to ſhed a Tear.
Nor ſhake my ſolid Virtue from its Point,
But *Julio*'s Death! --- *Julio* the Joy of *Coſmo*,
His Soul, and dearer far, than Life it ſelf,
By the juſt Pow'rs, I feel thy Pangs, and Throbs,
Thy Pains of Body, Agonies of Soul,
In a moſt exquiſite Degree, Oh! --- [*Pauſes.*
I own thy Suff'rings ought to unman me thus,
To make me throw my Body on the Ground,
To tear my Hair, and curſe the Cruel Fates
That force a Father thus to dragg his Bowels.

Jul. Oh! Riſe thou violated Majeſty,
Riſe from the Earth, or I ſhall begg thoſe Fates,
Which you wou'd Curſe, to bolt me to the Centre.
I now ſubmit to all your threatn'd Vengeance,
And own the ſad Neceſſity, compells it,
Come forth ye Executioners of Juſtice,
Come all ye Slaves, ye common Hang-men come,
Come ſtrip me bare, unrobe me in his Sight,
And laſh me till I bleed; whip me like Furies,
And when you've Scourg'd me till I Foam, and Fall,
For want of Spirits groveling in the Duſt,
Then take my Head, and give it his Revenge;
By the juſt Pow'rs, I greedily reſign it.

Cof. No more --- but think when next we meet
At a more awful Diſtance, think, my Son,
The Pangs thou giv'ſt thy wretched Father's Soul,
Are greater far to hide my raging Pain,
Than if I cou'd have Vent in raving Cries,
And fall upon thy Neck, and curſe my Fortune.

Jul. No more, my Lord, your *Julio* is prepar'd,
Ready to give his Life up to your Juſtice.

Cof. Why then no more, my Son. --but--Oh--Farewel!
Eternally Farewel!
Th' immortal Pow'rs will ſure preſerve a Room,
A Throne for thee above, --one laſt Embrace.--
What is it makes thy Eyes thus Swim again?

Jul. I had forgot, --be good to *Teraminta*,
When I am Aſhes.--

Cof. Leave her to my Care.
See her thou muſt not, for thou canſt not bear it.
Oh! for one more! this pull, this Tug of Heartſtrings!
Farewel for ever.

Jul. O! *Coſmo*! Oh! my Father!

Cof. Canſt thou not ſay Farewel?

Jul. Farewel for ever!

Cof. For ever then. --But Oh my Tears run o're!
Groans choak my Words, and I can Speak no more!

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Piazza near the Palace.

Enter Uberto, Donato, Odo, Alidoſſa.

Don. HIS Sons condemn'd!
Uber. Doom'd to the Whip, and Ax.
Don. What both of them?
Uber. Both, Sir, both his Sons.
Don. What *Julio* too?
Uber. Yes, Sir, his darling *Julio*.
Nay tho' he knows him innocent as I am,
'Tis all one, Sir, his Sentence ſtands like Fate.
Don. Yet I'll intreat him.
Odo. So will I.
Al. And I.
Uber. Intreat him! Yes, my Lords, you may intreat him,
As I have done; he is no more a Man;
He is not caſt in the ſame common Mould;
His Spirit moves not, with our Springs, and Wards,
But fir'd with a glorious Emulation
Of the old Roman Glory, ſtands unmov'd.
Odo. What can be done then? For it grieves my Soul
To think of *Julio*'s Loſs.
Uber. There is no help:
And yet I have engag'd the Mournful Mother
To plead the Cauſe of her Unhappy Sons.

Enter Julio, *Hangmen*, *Guards*, &c.

But ſee, O Heav'n! Behold the gallant *Julio*,
The Mirror of all Sons, the White of Virtue,
Fill'd up with Blots, and writ all o're with Blood,
Bowing with Shame, his Body to the Ground.

Oh!

Oh! *Julio!* Is this poſſible? this Shame!

Jul. Oh my *Uberto!* call it not my Shame!
By all the Pow'rs, it is to *Julio* Honour;
My conſtant Suff'rings, are my only Glory.
What have I left beſides?
But Oh! far better ſhall I bear my Death,
The eaſier end of Pain, and of Diſhonour.

Enter Teraminta *wounded, and her Hair diſheveled.*

Ter. Where is he? Where is this Godlike Son
Of an Inhumane, Barbarous, Bloody Father?
Oh! bear me to him!

Jul. Ha! *Teraminta!*---
There wanted only this to fill my Woe!
Is't poſſible, the very Boaſt of Beauty
Defil'd, and mangled thus! What barbarous Wretch
Has thus blaſphem'd this bright Original?

Ter. For me it matters not, nor my Abuſes;
But Oh! For thee! Why have they us'd thee thus?
The Glory of the World, thus baſely us'd.
And did thy Father doom thee thus? Oh *Julio!*
Forgive thy dying Part, if ſhe believes
A Wretch ſo barbarous ne'er cou'd be thy Father.

Jul. Oh! this laſt Wound! this Stab to all my Courage!
Hadſt thou been well, I cou'd have born more Laſhes!
And is it thus my Father do's protect thee?

Ter. Ah! *Julio!* What thy Murderer, my Protector?
No; Let me fall again among the People,
Rather, than he protect me!
Let me be hooted like a Common Strumpet,
Toſs'd as I was, and dragg'd about the Streets;
The Crie of all the Blood-hounds that did hunt me,
Ev'n to this Goal of Death, as thy Seducer,
This happy End of all my Miſeries!
Here to breath out my laſt, to Waſh thy Gaſhes,
To waſh thy ſtreaming Wounds, with Farewel Tears,
To Murmur, Sob, and lean my Aking Head
On thy dear Breaſt, and there ſend forth my Soul.

Enter

Enter Honoria, *and Matrons Mourners*, &c.

Hon. Come Ladies haſte, and let us to the Senate,
For we by Heav'ns Permiſſion, will to day,
Be part of the Aſſembly! --- Oh! my Son! --
See here the bloody Juſtice of a Father!
See how his Vengeance rains on his own Bowels!
Is he not Mad? ---If he refuſe to hear us,
We'll bind his Hands, as one bereft of Reaſon.
Haſte then, --- Oh! *Julio!* I wou'd ſtay to Moan thee,
But that I fear his Orders are gone out
For ſomething Worſe; for Death! --- to take the Heads
Of all the Kindred of theſe Wretched Women.
Ter. Come then, I think, I have ſome Spirits left
To join thee, O! moſt Pious! beſt of Mothers!
To melt his Rocky Heart! --- give me your Hand.---
Thus let us march before this wretched Hoaſt,
And offer to that God of Blood our Vows.
If there be ought that's Humane left within him,
Perhaps my Wounds, and horrible Abuſes,
Help'd by the Tears, and Groans of this ſad Troop,
May batter down the beſt of his Reſolves.
Jul. Hark, *Teraminta!*
Ter. No, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt Women.*
Jul. Oh! my *Uberto!* Was there ever day
Through all the Legends of recorded Time,
So ſad as this? But ſee my Father comes!

Enter Coſmo, *follow'd by* Lorenzo, *Executioners, Guards*, &c.

Lorenzo too has undergone the Laſh,
Give him the Patience Heav'n of Martyr'd *Julio*,
And he will bleſs thoſe Hands that have chaſtis'd him.
Lor. Enjoy the bloody Conqueſt of thy Pride,
Thou barbarous Sire of theſe unhappy Sons!
Thou impious *Saturn*, or more black *Thyeſtes*:
This Cormorant ſees, and owns us for his Sons
Yet preys upon us,

With

With Thirſt of Blood, and Hunger fetch'd from Hell.
But end Barbarian, end thy horrid Vengeance,
Which thou ſo impiouſly haſt begun.
Perfect thy Juſtice, as thou Tyrant call'ſt it,
Sit like a Fury, on thy black Tribunal,
Graſp, with thy monſtrous Hands, theſe goary Heads,
And let thy flattering Orators adore thee,
For Triumphs, that Barbarians wou'd diſown.
Coſ. Lead to the Palace.
Lor. Go to the Palace then ---
There make thy Boaſts how thou haſt doom'd thy Children
To Whips, and Ax, for which juſt Heav'n reward thee!
Away, --- my Spirit ſcorns more Conference with thee.
The Ax will be as Laughter, --- but the Whips,
That drew theſe Stains, for this --- I begg of Heav'n,
With my laſt Breath, for every Drop, that falls
From theſe vile Wounds, to thunder Curſes on thee.
[*Exeit Guarded.*
Coſ. Uberto haſte, the Senate does attend us.
[*Exit cum ſuis.*
Jul. Uberto e'er you go, let me conjure you
By all the Earth holds honourable,
Grant to thy dying *Julio* one requeſt.
Ub. I'll grant thee any thing; but do not talk
Of dying Yet; for much I dare confide
In that ſad Company, that's gone before.
I know they'll move him to preſerve his *Julio*.
For tho' you mark'd him not, as hence he parted,
I cou'd perceive, with Joy, a ſilent Shour
Run down his Silver Beard. ---- Therefore I hope ---
Jul. Hope ſay'ſt thou? Oh! Heav'nly Powr's! hope Life! ---
To live! to live! and after this Diſhonour!
No, my *Uberto*, do not make me rave!
But if thou haſt a Soul, that's ſenſible,
Let me conjure thee when we reach the Palace
To thruſt me through the Heart.
Uber. Not for the World.
Jul. Do't or I ſwear thou haſt no Friendſhip for me.
Firſt, Thou wilt ſave me from the hated Ax,

The Hangman's Hands! for by yon Heav'n! I tell thee
Thou mayst, as well go stop the rapid Sun,
And drive him back, as turn my Father's Purpose.
Next, and what more my Soul intreats thee for,
I shall perhaps in Death procure his Pity;
For to die thus, beneath his killing Frown,
Is damning me before my Execution.

Uber. I will consider,

Jul. As you are Captain of the People,
The Law secures you in a Deed like this;
For Execution is your proper Province,
Tho still in Vulgar Fates to others 'tis deputed.

Uber. 'Tis granted! --- By my Soul I swear to end thee.
For when I weigh, with my more serious Thought,
Thy Father's Conduct in this dreadful Justice,
And the Necessity of our State,
I find it is impossible to save thee.

Jul. Let me clasp thee;
Boil out my Thanks, thus with my Farewell Spirits, ---
[*Embracing.*
And now away, --- the Taper's almost out,
Never, *Uberto*, to be lighted more ---
Lead on then, --- and don't forget thy Promise.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scene *the Palace, the Senate Sitting.*

Cosm. Most awful Fathers, that my Sons are Traitors,
Their Tongues, and Hands are Witnesses confess'd;
Therefore I have already past their Sentence,
And wait with you to see their Execution.

Donat. Cosmo, The Senate do not ask their Deaths,
They are content with what's already done,
And all intreat, you wou'd remit the Ax.

Cos. I thank you Fathers, but refuse the Favour.
By the Assaulted Majesty of *Florence*,
I swear there is no way to quit the Grace,
To right the Common-wealth, attone just Heav'n,
But by the Sacrificing of my Sons.
Take then, ye sad Revengers of the Publick,
These Traitors hence, strike off their Heads, and then,
My Sons, --- no more, ---their Doom is past --- away; ---
Thus we shall stop the Course of curs'd Sedition,
When none is safe by being great, if Guilty.
O! Reverend Fathers! 'tis on this Foundation,
Florence shall build her future Peace and Safety.
Don. Excellent *Cosmo*, the Senate thank thee.

Enter Honoria, Teraminta, *with the rest of the Mourners, follow'd by* Uberto, Julio, *&c. and* Cosmo, *a little Boy in Arms.*

Hono. Gone! gone to Death! already Sentenc'd! doom'd
To lose the Light of this Dear World already!
What my *Lorenzo* too! Oh Barbarous *Cosmo*!
Send, haste, revoke the Order of their Fate! ---
By all the Pledges of our Marriage-Bed,
If thou inhumane Judge hast left me any
To put thee yet in Mind, thou art a Father! ---
Speak to him, Oh! ye Mothers of sad *Florence!*
Sisters and Daughters, e'er the Execution
Of all your Blood! haste, haste, and run about him;
Groan, Sob, howl out the Terrors of your Souls;
Nay, flie upon him like robb'd Salvages,
And tear him from your Young.
Cos. Away and leave me,
Hon. Or if you think it better for your Purpose,
Because he has the Pow'r of Life, and Death,
Entreat him thus, throw all your heartless Breasts
Low at his Feet, and like a God adore him;
[*All Kneel.*

Nay,

Nay, make a Rampier round him, with your Bodies,
And block him up. I ſee he wou'd be going; —
Yet that's a Sign, that our Complaints have mov'd him.
Continu'd falls of ever ſtreaming Tears,
Such, and ſo many of the chaſteſt too
Of all the Pious Matrons throughout *Florence*,
Perhaps may melt his Adamantine Temper. —
Not yet; nay hang your Bodies then upon him,
Some on his Armts, and ſome upon his Knees,
And lay this Innocent about his Neck,
This little ſmiling Image of his Father,
See how he Bends, and Stretches to his Boſom,
Oh! all ye pittying Pow'rs! the Darling weeps,
His prety Eyes, Ruddy, and Wet with Tears,
Plead for our Griefs, more than, a Thouſand Tongues.

Coſ. What hoa! without there: Are my Orders heard?

Don. Oh! *Coſmo* ſee! they are too well perform'd!
See there the Bodies of the Guilty Youths!
All headleſs by thy Doom! and here *Lorenzo*'s!

Tera. See, Sir! Behold! is not this horrid Slaughter,
This cutting off one Limb from your own Body
Enough to ſatisfy the moſt bloody Law?
Oh! turn your Eyes! Oh! turn a Father's Eyes
On my poor Guiltleſs *Julio*!

Coſ. I muſt not hear you.

Ter. Oh! indeed you muſt,
Not hear the Voice of Nature? that were impious;
Not ſpare the guiltleſs? that were moſt unjuſt.
[*Going to* Julio.
Look here my Lord, Oh! ſee his guſhing Blood!
Enough to expiate Ten thouſand Crimes,
Oh! Surely then for a Miſtake too much!

Coſ. Hark *Uberto*.

Ter. Oh! *Julio*! joyn thy Prayers, and Tears with mine.
[*Turning to* Julio.
For my ſake *Julio*; if thou doſt not hate me
Or wou'dſt relieve me from the worſt of Racks!

Oh! Sir! Oh! Cruel *Cosmo!* I implore you

[*Turning to* Cosmo.

By all these Wounds upon my Virgin Breast,
Which I have suffer'd by your Cruelty,
Altho' you promis'd *Julio* to defend me,
Spare him, and I forgive it all!

Cos. Observe my Order.

Ter. Or if your Justice still requires more Lives,
Take mine, take mine, for only I am Guilty!
'Twas I betraid him to this fatal Error.
Oh! that I'd perish'd by a Thousand Daggers,
By Scourges, Racks, variety of Torments,
Ere to that Tryal by my Fears betraid.

Jul. Have Patience, my Dear Love, all will be well.

Ter. Patience! I would have none! Let Grief and Rage
Swell to th' enormous Height of wild Distraction.
To Cosmo.] Oh! false pretender to the Name of Justice!
Why? for my Crime wilt thou destroy thy Son?
Oh! Strike, Strike me, ye Ministers of Fate,
Transfix my Heart! or rack me a whole Age,
But save the best of Men, by me, by me undone!

[*Turning to the Hangmen, &c.*

But if in spight of Nature, and of Reason,
Turning to Cosmo.] *Julio* must die! Oh! kill me first in Mercy,
Nor rack me e'er I perish with his Death!
Oh! *Julio! Julio!*

[*Turning to* Julio, *and leaning on his Arm.*

Jul. Oh! *Teramintа!* this is worse than Death!

Honor. Yet hold thy bloody Hand Tyrannic *Cosmo*,
And I'll forgive thee for my lost *Lorenzo*.
Grant me my *Julio*, Oh! in Death I ask thee,
Thou hast already broke *Honoria's* Heart,
Yet I will pardon that if *Julio* live.
Ah! cruel Judge! Ah pityless Avenger!
What art thou Whispering? Speak out the Horror,
For in thy Glowing Eyes I read a Murder.

Cof. I charge thee by thy Oath *Uberto*,
As thou art here deputed by high Heaven,
And not a Subject of a Woman's Folly,
Take him away, and drag him to the Ax.

Uber. It shall be thus then, not the Hangman's Hands.

[*Runs him through, the Women Shriek, Honoria swoons.*

Jul. Thou'ſt kept thy Word, my Friend,
And with my lateſt Breath I give thee thanks.

Cof. Take hence this Woman; haſte, and bear her home;
Why my *Uberto* didſt thou rob my Juſtice?

Jul. I wrought him to it, Sir, that thus in Death
I might have leave to pay my laſt Obedience,
And beg your Bleſſing for another World.

Ter. Oh! do not take it *Julio!* Whate'er comes
From ſuch a Monſtrous Nature, muſt be blaſting.
Ah! thou inhumane Tyrant! --- But alas!
I loiter here when *Julio* waits for me,
Look here my Love, thou ſhalt not be before me,

[*Stabs her ſelf.*

Thus to thy Arms then, --- Oh! make haſte my *Julio*,
I'm got already in the Grove of Death;
Oh! --- I grope about, but cannot find thee.-- [*Dies.*

Jul. I come thou matchleſs Virtue! Oh! my Heart!
Farewel, my Love! we'll meet again in Heav'n:
My Lord, I hope your Juſtice is atton'd.

Cof. Thou haſt ſo nobly born thy ſelf in dying,
That not to Bleſs thee were to Curſe my ſelf,
Therefore I give thee thus my laſt Embrace.
Print this laſt Kiſs upon his trembling Lips. ---
So, --- for I ſee thou'rt gone, --- farewel for ever.
Th' eternal Pow'rs, to whom ſuch Virtue's dear,
Reward, and Crown thee in another World.

Jul. What Happineſs has Life to equal this?
By yon bright Orb I would not live again.
To fall thus crown'd by Virtues fulleſt Wreaths,
And die thus bleſt in ſuch a Fathers Arms.

Uber.

Uber. He's gon, the Gallant Spirit's fled for ever.

Cof. Captain no more.. Let us not foil the Pomp
Of this Majestick Fate, with Woman's Wailings.
But hear me O ye *Florentines!*
What I here doos to them, do you to me,
When any of them shall dare offend my Country.
All private Passions, and all ties of Blood,
We ought to offer to the Publick Good.

PROLOGUE.

Wrote by Mr. Dennis, and Spoken by Mr. [illegible]

THE following Piece by fiery Lee was wrought,
And judg'd his ſtrongeſt and his nobleſt Draught;
In which He ſhew'd, pronouncing Tarquin's Doom,
A Spirit Worthy Liberty and Rome.
His Pegaſus *ſometimes attains a daring Height,*
But often takes a wild ungovern'd Flight,
And ſoaring up too high for Mortal Eyes,
Is loſt in Clouds, or leſſens as He flies.
T'was this that mov'd our Author, with Deſire,
To Temperate the Bards *unruly Fire:*
His well-proportion'd Raptures He retains,
But from his wild and frantick Starts reſtrains,
And his falſe whining Paſſion he diſdains.
Poetick ſacred Fire deſcends from High,
And Fire is regulated in the Skie.
Witneſs the Stars, that with their ſhining Force
Are juſt, and conſtant to their rapid Courſe.
Witneſs the God of Poetry and Day,
Who ſtill exactly keeps his flaming Way;
Starting from which the World He overturns
And either freezes Human Kind, or burns.
Our Characters and Lee's *are ſtill the ſame,*
Tho Brutus *we have chang'd for* Coſmo's *Name;*
For Anti-Regal Principles we muſt
Have elſe diſplay'd; which would be now unjuſt.
For where is Liberty more charming ſeen
Than in the Reign of our Auſpicious Queen?
Who mildly governing their Temperate Plains,
Her Happy Subjects but from Harm reſtrains,
And like ſtrong Reaſon o'er the Paſſions reigns.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Mr. *Mills* comes forward and makes an Apology for want of an Epilogue; then Mr. *Penkethman* enters dress'd like a Beaux, and says he has one by a Friend, Mr. *Farquhar*.

SOmething you may expect --- I'm dash'd --- I doubt
I ne'r shall have the Face, to stand it out.
Something you may expect, to raise Delight
Foolish enough at least, when Beaux do write.
Tho here we stand, and look Waterworkwise,
We never vented a coxtalk Wit before.
Our outward parts, each Night, we have expose,
But for our Inward, gad we are [illegible]
We dont pretend to write, with Wit, nor Care;
But only, as we Dance, we write; with Air;
With careless sliding Stile; just like our Gate;
But Gay, and Modish, Thoughtless, as our Pate;
A soft and flowing Number, fit for Song,
And that we write, just as we sing it wrong.
Prologues and Epilogues, we often make 'em,
But then these Rogues, the Players, never speak 'em:
We, that support their House! alack a day!
We, make more Comedy, on the Stage, than they.
What draws the Ladies pray? but such as we
They bring not here, their lovely Eyes, to see
Poor Julio slain, but to kill Beaux, like me:
The Poets too, from us, draw all the Profit,
Tho' not their Wit, we make, the Subject of it;
But we, good-natur'd we, those things can smother,
As we put up Affronts, from one another.
I cou'd not for my Life, see this poor Rogue,
Have this Play lost, for want of Epilogue.
And therefore beg, you wou'd not damn it thus,
The Ladys, can't refuse, when ask'd by us;
You side-Box Beaux, I've orders, to engage
From all us, Brother Beaux, here on the Stage.
You, Sir, and I, and you, and he that writes,
Were all resolv'd, to meet, anon at Whites,
There, spight of Criticks Malice, save the Play;
And make a Party, for the Poets day.